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Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

Ch-Colf

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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Chamberlain, Gen. Joshua L.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain's Tribute

WHEN in the course of events the war-powers of President Lincoln emerged, they appeared with a content and extent not dreamed of before. He took them to a high tribunal. He almost made a covenant with God that if the terrible blow threatening the life of the country was broken at Antietam, he would emancipate the slaves in the territory of the rebellion. The thought was new. The laws of war gave to commanders in the field the right to break down the forces supporting the enemy; and two of his generals had declared the freedom of the slaves within their military jurisdiction. He promptly rebuked them and countermanded their proclamations. This was not work for a subordinate. So grave, so deep-reaching, so far-reaching, were its necessary effects, he reserved the prerogative for the chief commander and the last resort.

This was not because of immaturity of purpose, nor fear to act; but because he chose to wait until the terrible sufferings and cost of war made this measure seem a mitigation, and the right and necessity of it so clear that the country and the world must acquiesce. He did this, not because slavery was the cause of the war, but because it was a muniment of war waged against the life of the people. He set the appointed time and conditions when, within the territory of the rebellion, the slaves should be freed. The time came —and the proclamation, deep with thought as with consequence. This, the conclusion:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God!"

Observe the grounds of this: Justice, the eternal law of righteousness; political right, warrant of the Constitution; military necessity, for the salvation of the people; the approving judgment of man; the confirmation of God. This justification of the act was the revelation of the man. Without precedent of authority, or parallel in history, but as it were, "sub specie eterni"—in the aspect of the infinite, he spoke freedom to the slave! That voice was of the ever-coming "Word" that works God's will in His World!

Lincoln's Problem

Lo! this the outcome of belligerent rights, and the wilful appeal to the arbitrament of arms! Astounding annunciation of the powers of the President for the people's defence; and the discovery that not only military law, but also the absolute authority and summary processes of martial law, are part of the Constitution, part of the supreme law of the land. Had the leaders in the arrogant pretension of self-sufficiency and the frenzied rush to war understood the reach of this, they would have hesitated to commit their cause to the wager of battle. And any future plotter against the nation's integrity and truth may well pause before waking that slumbering lion at the gates of her life!

It was, indeed, a "domestic problem" which Lincoln had before him—a wide one, and a far one—to save his country. We think it was worth saving. The world thinks so, too!

An outcome of Lincoln's heart and mind was the projection into military law of a deep and wide humanity. We well know his sympathy and tenderness towards the young soldier and the all-surrendering mother. He often superseded the death sentence for sleeping on post, pronounced upon the new-coming youth unseasoned by discipline and the habit of hardship.

All the lessons drawn from that stern experience of his are embodied in the famous General Order Number 100, published to the army in 1863.

It was a reconstruction, a regeneration, of the rules of war. The necessity of stern justice and rigorous discipline recognized; but all tempered by great-hearted recognition of the manhood of man! The notable thing about this is, that it has been adopted, word for word, by nation after nation, and is today part of the international law of the civilized world.

And the power of this nation's influence in the world today—the reason why her intervention sets free an oppressed people, her word speaks peace to embattled nations, and her wish prevents the dismemberment of empires—is not so much in the might of her fleets and armies, splendid as these are, but because of her character, the confidence of the nations in her justice, and truth, and honor! Look at her! Her mission is peace and light and liberty! Her flag speaks hope to man!

Who can tell what part in all this is Abraham Lincoln!

As the Army Saw the President

I would speak now of him as he was seen and known more intimately by the army in the field. We had often opportunity to see him—for some occasions, too often. Sometimes he came for conference with commanders amidst actual conditions, where he could see for himself, and not through casual or official reports. Sometimes, from conferences with cabinet, or congressmen, or ministers of other Powers, holding suggestions of deep import.

But always after a great battle, and especially disaster, we were sure to see him, slow riding through camp, with outward or inward-searching eyes—questioning and answering heart. His figure was striking; stature and bearing uncommon and commanding. The slight stoop of the shoulders, an attitude of habitual inwrapped thought, not of weakness of any sort. His features, strong; if homely, then because standing for rugged truth. In his deep, over-shadowed eyes, a look as from the innermost of things. Over all this would come at times a play, or pathos, of expression in which his deeper personality outshone. His voice was rich; its modulations, musical; his words most fitting.

I have scarcely seen picture or sculpture which does him justice. The swarm of caricaturists, with their various motives and instructions, have given a very wrong impression of him—unfortunately too lasting. There was something of him—and the greatest and most characteristic—which refused to be imaged in earthly form.

In his action there was a gravity and moderation which the trivial might misinterpret as awkwardness, but which came from the dignity of reserved power. Those who thought to smile when that figure—mounting, with the tall hat, to near seven feet—was to be set on a spirited horse for a ceremonial excursion, were turned to admiration at the easy mastery he showed; and the young-staff game of testing civilians by touching up the horses to headlong speed returning over a course they had mischievously laid, with sudden crossings of old rifle-pit and ditch, proved a boomerang for them, when he would come out the only rider square in his saddle, with head level and rightly crowned.

The Lincoln One Talked To

In familiar intercourse he was courteous and kindly. He seemed to find rest in giving way to a strain of humor that was in him. On a moot question, his good story, sharp with apt analogy, was likely to close the discussion—sometimes at the expense of a venturesome proposer. There was a roll of mischief in his eye, which eased the situation.

We were glad to see that facility of counterpoise in him; for we knew, too deeply well, the burden that was even then pressing on his spirit, and our laughter was light and brief.

But always we wished to see the army together. This had a being, a place, a power, beyond the aggregate of its individual units. A review was there held, in completeness and most careful order. Slowly he rode along front and rear of the opened ranks, that he might see all sides of things as they were. Every horse was scanned: that is one way to know the master. We could see the deep sadness in his face, and feel the burden on his heart, thinking of his great commission to save this people, and knowing that he could do this no otherwise than as he had been doing—by and through the manliness of these men—the valor, the steadfastness, the loyalty, the devotion, the sufferings and thousand deaths, of those into whose eyes his were looking. How he shrunk from the costly sacrifice we could see; and we took him into our hearts with answering sympathy, and gave him our pity in return.

There came a day of offering, not of his appointing. His day came; and a shroud of darkness fell on us. The surrender was over; the all-commanding cause triumphant. Lee's army had ceased to be. That solid phalanx we had faced there for years of mortal struggle had vanished as into air. The arms that had poured storms of death upon us had been laid at our feet. The flags that had marked the path of that manly valor which gave them a glory beyond their creed had been furled forever. The men who in the inscrutable workings of the human will had struck against the flag that stood for their own best good were returning to restore their homes and citizenship in a regenerated country.

After Appomattox Assassination

We were two days out from Appomattox —a strange vacancy before our eyes; a silent joy in our hearts. Suddenly a foam-flecked, mud-splashed rider hands a telegram. No darkest hours of the dismal years ever brought such message. "The President assassinated! Deep plots at the Capital!" How dare to let the men know of this? Who would restrain the indignation, the agony, the frenzy of revenge? Whether they would turn to the destruction of every remnant and token of the rebellion around them, or rush to the reseue of Washington and vengeance upon the whole brood of assassins, was the alternative question. We marched and bivouacked with a double guard on our troops, and with guarded words.

Two days after came from the War Department the order to halt the march and hold all still, while the funeral farewell was passing at the capital. Then why not for us a funeral? For the shadow of him was to pass before us that day, and we would review him!

The veterans of terrible campaigns, the flushed faces from Appomattox, the burning hearts turned homewards, mighty memories and quenchless love held innermost—these were gathered and formed in great open square—the battered flags brought to the front of each regiment; the bright arms stacked in line behind them; sword-hilts wreathed in crape; chief offi-

cers of the Corps on a platform of army-chests at the open face of the square—their storied flags draped and clustered in significant escutcheon. The commander of the division presiding — the senior chaplain called beside him. The boom of the great minute-guns beats against our hearts; the deep tones echoing their story of the years. Catching the last note of the cannon-boom, strikes in the soulful German band, with that wondrous "Russian Hymn" whose music we knew so well:

"God the All-terrible; Thou who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword!"

that overmastering flood of whelming chords, with the breath-stilling chromatic cadences, as if to prepare us for whatever life or death could bring.

A National Indignation

A few words from the commander, and the warm Irish heart of the chaplain wings its eloquence through the hearts of that deep-experienced, stern, loving, remembering, impressionable assembly. Well that the commander was there, to check the flaming orator! Men could not bear it. You could not, were I able to repeat it here. His text was thrilling: "And she, being instructed of her mother, said: Give me here the head of John the Baptist in a charger!" Then the application. Lincoln struck down because so high in innocence, in integrity, in truth, in loyalty, in fidelity to the people. Then the love he bore to them, and they to him; that communion of sorrows, that brotherhood of suffering, that made them one with him in soul. Then the dastard hand that had struck him down in the midst of acts of mercy, and words of great-hearted charity and good will. The spirit of hate, that struck at his life, was the spirit that struck at the life of the people.

"And you will endure this sacrilege," he cried. "Will you not rather sweep such a spirit out of the land forever, and cast it, root and branch, into everlasting burning!" Men's faces flushed and paled. Their muscles trembled. I saw them grasp as for their stacked muskets—instinctively from habit, not knowing what else, or what, to do. The speaker stopped. He stood transfixed. I seized his arm. "Father Egan, you must not stop. Turn this excitement to some good!" "I will," he whispers. Then, lifting his arm full height, he brought it down with a tremendous sweep, as if to gather in the whole quivering circle before him, and went on. "But better so! Better to die glorious, than to live infamous! Better to be buried beneath a nation's tears, than to walk the earth guilty of a nation's blood! Better—thousand-fold, forever better, Lincoln dead, than Davis living!"

Then admonished of the passion he was again arousing, he passed to an exhortation that rose into a prayer; then to a pæan of victory; and with an oath of new consecration to the undying cause of freedom and right, he gave us back to ourselves, better soldiers, and better men.

A President in Apotheosis

That was our apotheosis of Lincoln. He passed up through the dark gate we knew so well. And now when the eyes that were wont to see him in earthly limitations, behold him high amidst the deathless ranks marshalled on the other shore, he stands in unfolded grandeur. Solitary on earth; mightily companioned, there!

He stands, too, upon the earth:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head!"

His magnanimity has touched the answering heart of the chivalrous South. Today, all do him reverence.

There he stands—like the Christ of the Andes—reconciler of the divided!

And more than this. A true fame grows. Contemporary antagonisms fall away. Prejudice and misconception are effaced by better knowledge. The pure purpose is revealed under broader lights. The unforeseen, far-reaching good effects are more and more acknowledged. The horizon widens; the image lifts. Land after land, year after year, nay, century upon century recognize the benefactor as they come to realize the benefaction.

So, more and more for the country's well-being, will sound the symphony of that deep-themed second inaugural, majestic as the second giving of the law; and that Gettysburg speech, from his open heart, glorious with devotion, sublime with prophecy. Beyond the facts which history can record—the deliverance and vindication of a people in peril of its honor and its life, and the revelation of the stored-up powers vouchsafed to him who is charged with the salvation of his country—there will be for this man an ever unfolding record.

More and more the consecrating oath of that great purpose: "With malice towards none; with charity for all; following the right, as God gives us to see the right," will be the watchword of the world. Coming time will carry forward this great example of the consecration of power, self-commanding, and so all-commanding, for the well-being of the people, and the worth of man as man. This example, lifted up before the nations, support and signal of the immortal endeavor—the human return to God!

So we look forward, and not backward, for the place of Abraham Lincoln!

Among all the tributes to the work and character of Abraham Lincoln, there is probably none which answers better the question how he affects the statesmanship of the present day more eloquently and truly than an address which was delivered by the late General Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine before the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion, Feb. 12, 1909. It makes the man live again for him who reads it, and suggests powerfully the manner in which a great statesman meets a great emergency. As a tribute to Lincoln's memory on this day, the concluding portion of this address is reproduced below.

Chandler, Mrs. Carl B.

Lincoln Was Regular Attendent

Canton Daily Ledger Nov 17, 1936

FORMER CANTON RESIDENT WRITES ABOUT LINCOLN

Tells Of Emancipator's Former Connections In Fulton County

MENTIONS ADDRESS AT LEWISTOWN

Editor's Note: Mrs. Carl B. Chandler, a former Cantonian who now resides in Washington, D. C., and is recognized as an outstanding authority concerning the life of Abraham Lincoln and events in the Spoon River valley, has written this story for The Ledger. Mrs. Chandler, who lived in Havana until recently, is noted not only as an authority but as a skilled author of prose and poetry, a lecturer and a reader.

THE mounting wave of historical interest which has carried the name of Abraham Lincoln steadily on its crest for three-quarters of a century shows, at the present moment, no signs of subsidence. Each adventure into that particular field of research brings up its bit of newly-discovered data, or, at least, some fresh point of view to bear upon the old.

To these researches Fulton county has made no conspicuous contribution but it has had a share in the associations that belong to his memory and there is no doubt that the influence of some of her citizens contributed to those diverse shaping forces that set his feet upon the high road of his great and tragic destiny.

The old courthouse at Lewistown which was burned in 1895, so famous in the history of the county and state for the remarkable number of names of famous men associated with it, saw Lincoln in attendance there at almost every term of court during the forties and fifties. As early as 1840 Stephen A. Douglas presided there as judge and for two decades men destined to places of state and national importance were familiars of that court. It cannot be doubted that the associations

One of Lincoln's warmest friendships at Lewistown was with Major Walker. In the prefatory poem of Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology," there is allusion to

"Major Walker who had talked
With the venerable men of the Revolution."

It was not in Fulton County, however, but Vandalia, where they had served as members of the Tenth General Assembly, that the two men met.

It was Major Walker who designed the old courthouse along the Greek lines employed in such buildings in Virginia, and it was an odd coincidence that it should have been burned on his ninetieth birthday.

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Two Canton men, both warm friends and doubtless often host to the future Emancipator, were of considerable importance in the Lincoln legend. Judge William Kellogg came to Canton in the early forties and occupied and perhaps built—the house on East Chestnut street, long the home of the late William Parlin. It is now the Murphy Memorial home. He lived in Canton until 1863 when he moved to Peoria. He was the most eloquent man of his day in this county and the series of joint debates in which he engaged with Robert Ingersoll in the race for the seat in Congress which Kellogg won (his third and last term) left a trail of brilliance, of logic and of scintillating invective that lingered for long in the memories of those who heard them.

Judge Kellogg was regarded as a man having a sure grasp of the politics of his time and a prophetic vision which the passage of years validated. He was Lincoln's closest advisor from the birth of the Republican party until 1857, when he retired from Congress. Many letters are in evidence substantiating this statement.

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The gabled house on South Main street now owned by H. B. Gustine was, at this time, the residence of the distant relative and law partner of Judge Kellogg, William Pitt Kellogg. William Pitt was a very young man when he came from the east to practice law in Fulton county. Handsome, elegant, witty, given to oratory rather than research, he delighted the law-

not very considerable audience. His theme was a eulogy on the Declaration of Independence which the London Times commented upon as worthy of being preserved among American classics.

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Lincoln spent that night with his warm friend, John Proctor, and the next day Major Walker drove him to a point 32 miles distant where he took the train for Ottawa to engage Douglas in the first of those famous joint debates which were to bring him wide recognition and set his feet firmly on the path of national preferment.

It is believed that this was Lincoln's last visit to Fulton county. But a souvenir of that event is strangely preserved for Lincoln lovers for generations

with such men must have had a profound influence upon an intellect such as Lincoln's, rugged and aspiring but, in the beginning, not too well-disciplined.

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Here probably began the lifelong friendship with Edwin Dickinson Baker, "Glorious Ned Baker," the silver-tongued, hero of many battles in the Mexican war, soon to become U. S. senator from Oregon and, in 1861, to fall at Ball's Bluff while leading a brigade in that tragic battle for the Union. Lincoln named his best-beloved child for this man and his friendship was cherished till his death.

Here he knew James Shields, General James Shields, in later times, to be distinguished with the passing years as the only man to be chosen as U. S. senator from three states. It was Shields who filled the unfinished term of Douglas when he resigned from the Supreme Bench of the State of Illinois. Shields competed with Lincoln for the hand of Mary Todd and one of the mad-cap pranks of that adorable and dashing young lady brought about a duelling challenge from Shields to Lincoln which nearly resulted in a serious engagement at arms between the two friends.

Here in Fulton county Lincoln came to know W. C. Goudy, then studying law in the office of Judge Wead and even then giving promise of that fine career which was to rank him, for many years, as Chicago's leading lawyer, S. P. Shope, afterwards Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, was there; Robert Ingersoll, the eloquent young orator, was there; S. Corning Judd, later to be appointed under Cleveland Postmaster of Chicago, also was there.

Judd was to come into special prominence in the seventies as Chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Illinois through his prosecution, for the church, in the celebrated case against the Rev. Dr. Cheney, one of the most important trials of its kind ever conducted in this country.

A lasting monument to the taste and religious fervor of this man is the little Episcopal Church of St. James at Lewistown, still regarded by church architects as one of the best examples of Gothic in America. The plans for the church were borrowed from his friend, Edwin Tuckerman Potter, the leading exponent of Gothic in America in that day, and most of the funds for its erection were gathered by him from sources within his influence in the east.

yers gathered there for the court terms with his flashing humor, his pointed anecdote and his brilliant repartee.

It was the beginning of a long and notable political career and it is probable that the friendship begun there with the lanky lawyer from Springfield was the very corner stone of his mounting fame. He was to become, in turn, Lincoln elector, governor of the Territory of Nebraska, reconstruction governor of Louisiana, and late senator from that state. The appointment of William Pitt Kellogg to the governorship of Louisiana was the last document to be signed by the President before he departed for Ford's theatre on that fatal night in April, 1865, when Booth's bullet found his breast.

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Perhaps the incident uppermost when Fulton county's memories of the great man are stirred concerns the address made by Lincoln at Lewistown just previous to the starting of the joint debate between himself and Douglass in their race for the senate.

That date, never to be erased from the most glorious page of the county's history, is Aug. 17, 1858. Lincoln was just then, according to the political custom of that time, "jayhawking" Douglas as he passed from town to town proclaiming his theory of States' Rights.

Douglas had spoken in Lewistown on the 16th to an immense throng gathered to hear him in Proctor's grove, the place now known as Davidson's second addition. The fame of the "Little Giant" was just now at its crest and he was regarded by the masses as the greatest man in America, as logical aspirant for the Presidency. Great ceremony was observed in honor of his coming. Hundreds of people, led by the local band, escorted him from Havana where he had spoken just previously and the largest audience ever gathered in the grove sat under his matchless eloquence.

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Lincoln's coming, on the following day, was regarded with moderate enthusiasm. It is reported that a committee consisting of Major Walker, John W. Proctor and other prominent Republicans went to Havana to escort him thither and that a group of citizens (26 horsemen, and 17 wagons and buggies are enumerated) met him just outside the town.

That afternoon he spoke from the portico of the old courthouse, leaning first against one of its central sandstone pillars and then against the other as he addressed his

to come. When the old courthouse fell in the fire many years later the two central pillars of the portico were saved from destruction and now stand in the cemetery just north of Lewistown; and these, flanked by an exedra and embellished by suitable ornaments, serve as a memorial to the men from Fulton county who fell in the Civil war. It is safe to guess that no more suitable or eloquent war memorial to that period has ever been conceived.

AUTHORITY ON LINCOLN

—McDaniels Photo

MRS. CARL B. CHANDLER

Chance, Lorenzo

Recalls Tribute Paid to Lincoln by Confederate Fighter, "Marse Henry"

(Plain Dealer-Times Wire)

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Lorenzo Chance, well known United States treasury official, told this story today:

"One night in October, 1920, I was dining at the St. George hotel here with 'Marse' Henry Watterson. It was during one of his last visits to New York. We were talking about the first meeting of the League of Nations assembly, to take place on the morrow in Geneva.

" 'What a stage is set for a great speech,' I said.

" 'God's truth, yes,' replied Marse Henry.

" 'Who could rise to the occasion? Who would be fit to make it?' I questioned.

"This old fighter from the south looked at me for a moment, steadily, silently. Then tears came to his eyes.

" 'Chance,' said he. 'If all the world's greatest orators of the last three centuries were gathered together, there would be but one who should be called. I mean that stylist in English without a peer, the great hearted man who made the Gettysburg speech—My Abraham.' "

CONGER

the east.

Chapman

Anonymous

Public Service Bond

LINCOLN

UNDOUBTEDLY Lincoln is the figure in American History dearest to the hearts of the people. However noble were his traits, however wise and considerate his decisions, however steadfast his purposes, above them all Lincoln was a simple man. He knew humility. He was a gentleman in the original sense of the word,—a man gentle, strong and true.

Mr. Ervin S. Chapman, writing in Collier's speaks of the wonderful influence of Mrs. Lincoln. Mary Todd Lincoln believed in her husband, and as Mr. Chapman points out, foresaw for him a distinguished career long before others recognized his worth. Her high ambition and unconquerable will held Lincoln to his task when difficulties and discouragements might have brought failure in spite of the most tenacious nature.

Mr. Chapman knew Lincoln, and there were three things, aside from his wonderful personality, that he believes made Lincoln great.

First: He was always fair; he gave everyone a hearing.

Second: He would yield when it was reasonable to yield.

Third: When he could not yield, he was adamant and no one could turn him from his purpose.

How truly are these the characteristics of a great man. To hold power, in any degree whatsoever, from the power of high office, to the humbler domestic control of the daily lives of our children, and to be fair, and tolerant and patient, and to give everyone a hearing.

To yield in a kindly spirit when to do so may seem to lesser minds a sign of weakness and indecision.

To remain firm and unyielding, and true to principle, when compromise would apparently make the path less steep and bring the goal closer.

Can we follow the leadership of this plain American citizen, and strive to bring nearer the time when our characters may be analyzed in the light of these three great convictions, and not found entirely wanting.

Publication Advance Notice
Apr. 1921

J WRIGHT

Appendix

Abraham Lincoln

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. ROBERT B. CHIPERFIELD
OF ILLINOIS
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Monday, February 4, 1957

Mr. CHIPERFIELD. Mr. Speaker, Abraham Lincoln is revered by liberty-loving people throughout the world, but we of Illinois especially cherish his memory because of his many years of close and intimate association with the history of our great State.

My father, Burnett M. Chiperfield, a Member of this body from the State of Illinois, gave an address on Abraham Lincoln on February 12, 1917, and again in 1932. I desire to include as part of my remarks the following extracts from his speech:

Many years have come and gone since the earth last saw the beloved form of the Great Emancipator.

Although now they almost equal in number the allotted span of the life of a man, not a single laurel that was placed upon his brow by the loving hands of a grateful people has been withered and not one has faded under the destroying hand of time.

The passage of the years has but added to the freshness and luster of those laurels, and his memory has become the more fixed and established, until today we again gather in reverence to do homage to the deeds and achievements of one of the Nation's greatest—Abraham Lincoln.

In the State from which I come, as well as in the other Commonwealths of the Nation, his greatness is not forgotten, nor are the deeds which he performed lost to remembrance, nor is their glory lessened; and though he has long since passed to the glorious company of the immortals, yet in truth he now lives and speaks wherever the thought of liberty finds lodgment in the mind of man.

As the gray twilight brings the day to a close on the broad prairies of Illinois, mothers draw their little ones to their knees and tell in tones of affection over and over again the entrancing story of the life of this great man. And as the tale holds the youthful listeners spellbound, they do not dwell on the battles of years gone by, but speak they rather of his humble origin, of the devoted mother who guided his childish steps, of the struggling youth, the sturdy and determined manhood, and the just and loving heart that found vast expression in the beneficent life that gave to us a most precious legacy—the memory of one of the greatest and most loved men since the days of the Savior of the world—the memory of the humble railsplitter of the prairies of Illinois.

Others may speak of Lincoln the leader, the statesman, the President; but I speak this day of Lincoln the humane, of Lincoln the man, and the life that has endeared him to all liberty-loving citizens of the world.

At this day we cannot understand the severity of the struggles by which he rose or the bleak barrenness of his life, which he describes as the short and simple annals of the poor. In afteryears he could not bear to speak of those days, and, so far as his words are concerned, they are a sealed book.

The lad of poverty triumphed until at his death the world stood silent and the monarchs of the earth bowed their heads in grief and laid their tributes upon his bier as he made his last journey, silent and still, by night and by day, through the unbroken ranks of sorrowing citizens, to the old home in the heart of Illinois, where now his sacred dust reposes, a precious trust of the people of that State.

Between the humble home and the last imposing spectacle lay a life of love, devotion, and service. In it all is not found one day of selfish ease or idle self-indulgence. No anchorite ever lived more humbly or toiled more vigorously to attain the goal that was to be his.

To me, it is a delight and a privilege to trace in imagination his triumphant though weary steps.

Love and service, attended with the highest devotion to duty, marked his course. His guide and counselor in those days of privation was a wonderful mother, whom he loved with all the devotion of his boyish heart, and of whom he said, "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." When the summons came to the rude hut and called her from earth away, it left the lad bereft and alone, and none could bring him comfort.

It was the first staggering blow to a life that already well knew sorrow.

The struggles of his boyhood days and their biting poverty left a melancholy impress on his mind and soul.

They gave to him for his entire lifetime the sensitive heart of a child.

He could see no wrong done or hurt come to any living thing without himself being hurt.

He sorrowed with the sorrowful, and his tears fell with those who had been wounded and broken on the march of life.

His soul responded to the sufferings of the world.

Through his bitter experiences no man could better understand than he the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and this sympathetic comprehension animated and guided his every act.

In all the record of his life no mean deed is written, and in the story of his career, as orally preserved by tradition in the State from which I come, there does not remain even the suggestion that he was capable of a selfish or unworthy act.

As only a starved soul could yearn he desired affection, and when this was given to him by Anne Rutledge it was returned with an ardor that was great. Many say that Anne Rutledge is a myth. I have visited her grave near the town of old Salem, where it is said that after her death Lincoln came often in sadness, and would not be consoled. It is repeated that at one of these times he said that the true inscription for her resting place should be, "Here lies the body of Anne Rutledge and the heart of Abraham Lincoln."

With his sensitive nature he sought the love of those with whom he was brought in contact. Their esteem and good opinion sustained, encouraged, and supported him. Without it he was cast down and disheartened. His reward—and the only one he sought—was the approval of his countrymen. And in later years the knowledge that he was at variance with a great section of the land caused him the most poignant grief.

Perhaps not widely versed in the details of the arts or sciences, yet he knew men. He knew their thought and minds and souls and the motives which animated them. He knew their strength and their weakness. He was brother and father to all mankind, and knew their sorrows and their trials. To them he could speak in simple words that touched their deepest sensibilities, and could play upon the chords of their emotion in language plain, it is true, but with words that lived and breathed; in language that stands to this day as an unparalleled example of literary style.

Each phrase was cut to the last degree, and thought was given expression in sentences that were strong, direct, and filled with meaning.

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He was not dismayed or crushed by these successive defeats, although his campaigns were made at a great sacrifice.

And after the long struggle came the great victory, and he sat in the seat of the mighty.

But this did not change a single fiber of his kindly nature. The mountain crest meant no more to him than the lowly valley.

When power came and greatness was his, he wore his honors modestly, without arrogance or ostentation, and humility and kindness marked his course.

He was to the Nation Father Abraham, and with meekness and might, affection and care, he led his children through the valley of the shadow safely into the fold of peace and tranquillity.

The things for which he stood and which he attempted to do were in the name of the Constitution, and to this instrument, as he construed it, he was wholly devoted.

The reckless and harebrained experiment in government possessed no attraction for him, nor was he inclined to adopt a plan merely because it was new and untried, but going hand in hand with his conservatism was the ever present desire to so adapt the Constitution that it would respond to the changing needs and requirements of the people.

While regarding with reverence the precedents of the past, he also sought to be acutely conscious of, and responsive to, the economic demands and needs of the present.

Velvet Tribute to Lincoln

Chiperfield

Appendix

Abraham Lincoln

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ROBERT B. CHIPERFIELD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, February 4, 1957

Mr. CHIPERFIELD. Mr. Speaker, Abraham Lincoln is revered by liberty-loving people throughout the world, but we of Illinois especially cherish his memory because of his many years of close and intimate association with the history of our great State.

My father, Burnett M. Chiperfield, a Member of this body from the State of Illinois, gave an address on Abraham Lincoln on February 12, 1917, and again in 1932. I desire to include as part of my remarks the following extracts from his speech:

Many years have come and gone since the earth last saw the beloved form of the Great Emancipator.

Although now they almost equal in number the allotted span of the life of a man, not a single laurel that was placed upon his brow by the loving hands of a grateful people has been withered and not one has faded under the destroying hand of time.

The passage of the years has but added to the freshness and luster of those laurels, and his memory has become the more fixed and established, until today we again gather in reverence to do homage to the deeds and achievements of one of the Nation's greatest—Abraham Lincoln.

In the State from which I come, as well as in the other Commonwealths of the Nation, his greatness is not forgotten, nor are the deeds which he performed lost to remembrance, nor is their glory lessened; and though he has long since passed to the glorious company of the immortals, yet in truth he now lives and speaks wherever the thought of liberty finds lodgment in the mind of man.

As the gray twilight brings the day to a close on the broad prairies of Illinois, mothers draw their little ones to their knees and tell in tones of affection over and over again the entrancing story of the life of this great man. And as the tale holds the youthful listeners spellbound, they do not dwell on the battles of years gone by, but speak they rather of his humble origin, of the devoted mother who guided his childish steps, of the struggling youth, the sturdy and determined manhood, and the just and loving heart that found vast expression in the beneficent life that gave to us a most precious legacy—the memory of one of the greatest and most loved men since the days of the Savior of the world—the memory of the humble railsplitter of the prairies of Illinois.

Others may speak of Lincoln the leader, the statesman, the President; but I speak this day of Lincoln the humane, of Lincoln the man, and the life that has endeared him to all liberty-loving citizens of the world.

At this day we cannot understand the severity of the struggles by which he rose or the bleak barrenness of his life, which he describes as the short and simple annals of the poor. In afteryears he could not bear to speak of those days, and, so far as his words are concerned, they are a sealed book.

The lad of poverty triumphed until at his death the world stood silent and the monarchs of the earth bowed their heads in grief and laid their tributes upon his bier as he made his last journey, silent and still, by night and by day, through the unbroken ranks of sorrowing citizens, to the old home in the heart of Illinois, where now his sacred dust reposes, a precious trust of the people of that State.

Between the humble home and the last imposing spectacle lay a life of love, devotion, and service. In it all is not found one day of selfish ease or idle self-indulgence. No anchorite ever lived more humbly or toiled more vigorously to attain the goal that was to be his.

To me, it is a delight and a privilege to trace in imagination his triumphant though weary steps.

Love and service, attended with the highest devotion to duty, marked his course. His guide and counselor in those days of privation was a wonderful mother, whom he loved with all the devotion of his boyish heart, and of whom he said, "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." When the summons came to the rude hut and called her from earth away, it left the lad bereft and alone, and none could bring him comfort.

It was the first staggering blow to a life that already well knew sorrow.

The struggles of his boyhood days and their biting poverty left a melancholy impress on his mind and soul.

They gave to him for his entire lifetime the sensitive heart of a child.

He could see no wrong done or hurt come to any living thing without himself being hurt.

He sorrowed with the sorrowful, and his tears fell with those who had been wounded and broken on the march of life.

His soul responded to the sufferings of the world.

Through his bitter experiences no man could better understand than he the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and this sympathetic comprehension animated and guided his every act.

In all the record of his life no mean deed is written, and in the story of his career, as orally preserved by tradition in the State from which I come, there does not remain even the suggestion that he was capable of a selfish or unworthy act.

As only a starved soul could yearn he desired affection, and when this was given to him by Anne Rutledge it was returned with an ardor that was great. Many say that Anne Rutledge is a myth. I have visited her grave near the town of old Salem, where it is said that after her death Lincoln came often in sadness, and would not be consoled. It is repeated that at one of these times he said that the true inscription for her resting place should be, "Here lies the body of Anne Rutledge and the heart of Abraham Lincoln."

With his sensitive nature he sought the love of those with whom he was brought in contact. Their esteem and good opinion sustained, encouraged, and supported him. Without it he was cast down and disheartened. His reward—and the only one he sought—was the approval of his countrymen. And in later years the knowledge that he was at variance with a great section of the land caused him the most poignant grief.

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Chiperfield, Representative

LINCOLN TRIBUTE HEARD IN HOUSE

Chiperfield of Illinois Cites Lasting Influence.

1932

WARNS OF NATIONAL CRISIS

Emancipator Never Failed When U. S. Needed Him, Speaker Says.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12 (A. P.). —The House paused today from its duties to pay tribute to Abraham Lincoln and to hear of his struggles and achievements.

Representative Chiperfield, Republican, of Illinois, told the House that "one lesson taught by Lincoln that may be helpful at the present day was his unfaltering determination to stand steadfast before the nations of the world for the rights of America."

"Although opposed by the bravest of the brave at home," he said, "he did not fail to speak courageously for the dignity of the country when it was assailed from abroad and in the overwhelming crisis of those days, he spoke in the name of our nation for the preservation and recognition of its fundamental rights.

"Today we are in the midst of a great national crisis, and confronted with and threatened by a world cataclysm which all pray may be averted. It will be averted whenever the people of the nation are sufficiently impressed with the importance of and need for united action. . . . This whole nation will respond either in time of peace or time of war, by sacrifice and endeavor or by arms, and bear any hardship that may be imposed, no matter how severe, whenever danger assails the republic."

His Influence Still Felt.

"Great men have come and gone since Lincoln fell," said the speaker, "and many have attained high places in the nation, but seldom has one, even when his power was the greatest, attained the wonderful influence over the people of the land that has been manifested, and still continues to be manifested, until this day, by the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

"That influence has guided the nation when the hand of living man has faltered for, being dead, yet he speaketh to the souls of men, with power and conviction."

Taking issue with those who claim that Lincoln did not believe in God, Mr. Chiperfield said:

"No greater or more foul slander could be uttered against this man.

"Lincoln walked hand in hand with God for many years before his death, and there is no act of his life that warrants the claims so advanced against him.

"It may be that he could not define a particular creed that entirely and closely fitted his views, but his steadfast belief in a God and His divine power to guide and shape the affairs of men was touching.

"There is hardly an utterance of Lincoln that has been preserved that does not speak of this belief and faith."

Smoot Pays Tribute in Senate.

Senator Smoot in the Senate today said the "buoyant courage and unwavering determination of Lincoln puts to shame those Americans who have surrendered to skepticism and despair because of the economic storm which is now sweeping over the world."

"Loyal citizens," the dean of the Senate declared, "can best observe the anniversary of Lincoln's birth by reviving the indomitable spirit that actuated him to declare:

" 'We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsel may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come.' "

Recalling that Lincoln sustained the nation through its greatest political crisis by his own indomitable courage, the Utahan said he had every confidence that the same spirit "will actuate the American people in this present exigency."

Chiperfield

LINCOLN EULOGIZED AS U. S. DEFENDER

Martyr President Fought for American Rights in Great Crisis, House Is Told

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Threatened With World Cataclysm

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Phila. Eve. Public Ledger
2/12/32

Choate, Joseph H.

DEVELOPMENT OF LINCOLN

By JOSEPH H. CHOATE

1925

THE growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force, of his intense magnetic personality, after the vast responsibilities of government were thrown upon him at the age of fifty-two, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvelous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect—of the sound mind in the sound body. He came to the discharge of the great duties of the Presidency with absolutely no experience in the administration of government, or of the vastly varied and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy which immediately arose, and continued to press upon him during the rest of his life, but he mastered each as it came, apparently with the facility of a trained and experienced ruler. As Clarendon said of Cromwell—"His parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station." His life through it all was one of intense labor, anxiety and distress, without one hour of peaceful repose from first to last. But he rose to every occasion. He led public opinion, but did not march so far in advance of it as to fail of its effective support in every great emergency. He knew the heart and thought of the people, as no man not in constant sympathy with them could have known it, and so, holding their confidence, he triumphed through and with them. Not only was there this steady growth of intellect, but the infinite delicacy of his nature and its capacity for refinement developed also, as exhibited in the purity and perfection of his language and style of speech. The rough backwoodsman who had never seen the inside of a university, became in the end, by self-training and the exercise of his own powers of mind, heart and soul, a master of style—and some of his utterances will rank with the best, the most perfectly adapted to the occasion which produced them.

Have you time to listen to his two minutes' speech at Gettysburg, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery? His whole soul was in it:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here—but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve, that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

He lived to see his work indorsed by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. In his second Inaugural address, pronounced just forty days before his death, there is a single passage which well diplays his indomitable will and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity to the enemies of his country and his broad and catholic humanity:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through the appointed time. He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn from the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

His prayer was answered. The forty days that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. He lived to see his Proclamation of Emancipation embodied in an amendment of the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the states for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away, for it was given him to witness the surrender of the rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved, waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory, the vanquished lost their best friend, and the human race one of its noblest examples, and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.

J WRIGHT

THE MARTYR OF LIBERTY.*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I.

He's gone from the strife to the home of the weary:
They've borne him away to his own Western bowers;
Where the bird, and the bee, and the rose of the prairie
May remember his grave in the warm summer hours.
He has lived for a world, and a race bowed in sorrow,
And a wail for the dead filled the halls of the free;
But the voice of a world gathered might on the morrow,
And arose like the sound of the sea.

Chorus.—Columbia, come forth from the dark vale of Edom,
All red with the gore of thy brave;
Columbia, come forth, with thy deep song of Freedom,
Unmarred by the moan of a slave.

II.

He sleeps in the vale of his dear native river,
His deep voice is hushed on the beautiful shore;
But the bloom of his glory will dwell there forever,
When kings and their crowns are remembered no more.
In the ages to come will his memory linger,
And the light of his counsels grow brighter with time;
And his fame be rekindled by Mercy's white finger,
When the world is unstained by a crime.

Chorus.—Columbia, come forth from the dark vale of Edom,
All red with the gore of the brave;
Columbia, come forth, with thy deep song of Freedom,
Unmarred by the moan of a slave.

Clark, Thomas Curtis

He Was a Friend to Man

By Thomas Curtis Clark

The Chicago Tribune, 2-9-29

A POPULAR vote, or a vote of the wisest of our day in all fields, would probably place Abraham Lincoln as the greatest, noblest, best, and wisest man of the nineteenth century. And such a vote would probably accord him also the honor of being the greatest friend of these later days. Could there be any greater honor? From his boyhood years, when he was always found defending the under dog, up to the time of his passing, the victim of a crazed assassin, he was still a compassionate and faithful friend. Many of the stories told about him are simply illustrations of his kindness of heart—whether it is the tale of his getting out of his cart to help a pig from a mud hole, or the tender story of his writ of pardon for the young soldier who had fallen asleep at his post.

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Lincoln's Statue in Grant Park, Chicago

Lincoln was born in 1809, in a log cabin, and of unlettered and poverty-stricken parents. Between that year and the year of his election to the Presidency, in 1860, he trod a varied path; he served as a chore boy, farm hand, flatboat man, rail-splitter, clerk, storekeeper, soldier, inventor, surveyor, postmaster, congressman, country lawyer, politician, and statesman—and then his country recognized him as the one man who had been preparing for the greatest responsibility that had ever fallen upon an American leader. During that period of development there were many changes in Abraham Lincoln. At first the most conservative of men, he

Clark, Thomas Curtis

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AMERICA'S GREATHEART

By Thomas Curtis Clark

American Messenger Feb. 1919

Lincoln the statesman is and always will be admired by his countrymen and by the world; Lincoln the Emancipator will forever be extolled by those who know his career, but Lincoln the great-hearted friend of man commands the affections of all. The Gettysburg Address and his Inaugural Addresses will be ever cherished by those who admire the stately in literature, but some of his simpler sayings, redolent of love for humanity as they are, are perhaps understood better by the average of the race than are those masterpieces of statesmanship and literary skill: such sayings, for instance, as these: "Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe"; "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom"; "It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one"; "God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them," and "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Such expressions as these lay open the very heart of Lincoln and reveal him as a true follower of the lowly Nazarene of old who was usually found helping some one. Abraham Lincoln was truly one of America's greatest statesmen, but to the average man and woman he is revered as our nation's supreme Greatheart.

Stories of Lincoln pleading the cause of the poor who could not afford to pay the expenses of their legal aid are many in number. Here is one. Beardstown, Illinois, is a peaceful little town on the Illinois River which was made famous by the Armstrong trial in which Lincoln, then a young lawyer, defended Duff Armstrong and cleared him from the charge of murder. The courthouse in which the trial took place still stands. Judge Saunders, of Beardstown, clearly recalls his own presence at the trial, as a young boy dodging here and there that he might get as close as possible to Lincoln, whose warm, sympathetic nature was even then well known and loved.

It was the same Lincoln who is frequently pictured taking the part of the "under dog" while keeping the store at New Salem, Illinois, and the same Lincoln who as a struggling lawyer in Sangamon County often refused to accept a fee for his legal services from those who were unable to pay. Lincoln the lawyer always had time and strength to aid his friends. In a collection of curios of Lincoln which was on exhibit a few months ago in Chicago was a letter written by the young lawyer to a friend about the time Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846. The letter reads: "Dear Browning: Yours of the 19th inst. is received, and I have filed a plea for you in the case of Moore vs. Sattounelbas. Don't fret yourself about the trouble you give me; *when I get tired I'll tell you.*"

As the nation's leader during the darkest period of its history Lincoln had many opportunities to show himself as a Greatheart. The terrible internal war brought to tens of thousands of homes the blight of sorrow. There was the necessity often of inflicting the penalty of death on young Americans who had not been strong enough to withstand temptations to sacrifice loyalty to the nation to their own needs and desires. Lincoln seemed to have a weakness—if it may be called weakness—for pardoning men who had gotten into trouble. In so many cases had the President interfered with "the due process of the law" that one of his secretaries, Edwin M. Stanton, and some of his generals complained of it. Secretary Stanton said at one time, "It seems to me the President would rather have a fuss with anybody than miss a chance to do a kindness to a private soldier."

But Lincoln was not only interested in those who wished to escape the punishment of death. He was interested in the personal comfort of all with whom he came in contact. At one time during the war there was a solitary soldier on guard at the White House, and it happened to be a very cold night. Mr. Lincoln, emerging from the front door, and drawing his shawl more closely about him to protect himself from the wind, saw the soldier, and said to him, "Young man, you've got a cold job to-night. Step inside and stand guard there." "My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied. "Yes," said the President, in an argumentative tone, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in." "I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat. "Hold on there!" said Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and I *order you to go inside.*" The soldier, of course, obeyed.

In war-time there are great possibilities of suffering in the camps and hospitals. Soon after the beginning of the war it became almost a daily custom for Mr. Lincoln to visit them. He made a special study of methods for the improvement of medical service for the soldiers. He was anxious that the hospitals be made as nearly perfect as possible, and often paid for improvements for them out of his own pocket. He had flowerbeds planted about them, to brighten up the environment.

The story is told that at one time there was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. He had been in the hospital for six months, and it was thought he would soon die of tuberculosis. The boy's mother made her way from Tennessee to Washington, and found herself in the presence of the President. "Mr. President," she said to him, "my boy is doomed to death unless I can get him back to Tennessee. I want to take him home." The great-hearted man said, "I will parole him on sick leave." "But," she said, "then it will be too late. I want to take him home with me." Then President Lincoln wrote a note which said, "Let the boy go home with his mother." The boy went, and lived, and later became an honored member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Lincoln's feeling toward the Confederates with whom the Government was at war was different from that of many leaders of the nation, who would have "strung up" every one of the enemy's leaders at the close of the war if they could have had their way. The heart of Lincoln is revealed in the following story told by Duncan C. Milner, of Chicago: "At City Point, about a week before the assassination, a young surgeon was detailed to guide Mr. Lincoln through the hospitals. When they came to a ward filled with sick and wounded prisoners the young man said, "Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels." The President stopped and gently replied, " You mean Confederates."

Johnson Brigham, for many years State Librarian of Iowa, held a secretarial position at Washington during the Civil War, and saw much of the President. He tells, in a recent article, of the last days of the President and of the dark time after his assassination. Mr. Brigham submits the following interesting recollection of that time:

"I remember," he writes, "a gray-haired Southerner, a neighbor of mine, who in the past had somewhat annoyed me by his exultation over Confederate victories. On the morning after the assassination I saw him standing upon a stepladder and, assisted by his daughter and granddaughter, arranging heavy folds of black over the front entrance of his house. He had read Lincoln's legacy of good-will to the conquered South—the reconstruction speech—and when I stopped to speak with him he could only exclaim in a broken voice, "Our best friend's gone!"

That famous English comic weekly, *Punch,* throughout the Civil War period was unremitting in its slurs upon the gaunt, awkward leader of the land across the sea, and that publication had much to do in the creating of a strong anti-Northern feeling in Great Britain. But after Lincoln's assassination the editors, in their efforts to make amends, printed a cartoon entitled "Britannia Sympathizing with Columbia," and accompanied the cartoon with some touching verses, from which the following are quoted:

"A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest

"The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When the vile murderer wrought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

"Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven:
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, but less to be forgiven!"

America's Greatheart, with his compassion and his forgiving spirit, conquered at last those who saw in him an uncouth political self-seeker. With his death he was acclaimed by all whose prejudices had not made them blind.—Friend.

"Blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
Quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
Homely hero, born of star and sod;
Peasant-prince, a masterpiece of God!"

policy that all reforms to be permanent should be attained legally in and supported by law and order, yet he greatly admired Cassius M. Clay's courage and wrote several letters. After Lincoln's tragic death, Clay pays him the following tribute:

White Hall, 1880.

Lincoln was the truest friend I ever had and therefore my estimate of his character must be taken "cum grano salis." He was the most conscientious man I ever knew, and ranks with Washington in genius, public service, and patriotism. They will go down to posterity in equal love, admiration and gratitude. After this I need not say that he was the man of his times: and such is the verdict of his contemporaries. 1-26-35

Welles

C. M. Clay.

Clay, Cassius Marcellus

TRIBUNE OF ALL PEOPLES.

His Work for All Mankind and for All Ages—The Most Original and Unique of All Our Presidents and the Most Conscientious of Men.

Fort General Green Clay, now White Hall, Ky.—Abraham Lincoln was the most original and unique of all our Presidents. He had a large brain, showing the intellectual and moral quality of our greatest man. His brain was based on a strong physique. Lincoln was well called "Honest Abe." He and Salmon P. Chase were the most conscientious of men. Lincoln was one of the greatest of American orators. His speech at Gettysburg ranks with the most eloquent of all the ages. Common-sense was his greatest force, and, like Jesus, he spoke to the ignorant in parables. He spoke so as not to throw pearls before swine, knowing that the unlearned do not reason. This Charles Francis Adams could not see; a "bad egg" was volumes to such hearers.

He was a deist, and Jesus was an inspired messenger of God to man. He, like the wise of all ages, held that the Creator steers and loves his work. He would not proclaim freedom to all till God, by success in battle, had said the time had come.

Washington turned an aristocratic colony into an aristocratic republic; Lincoln was the tribune of the people of all the nations. What Washington was for Americans and a day, Lincoln's work was for mankind and all the ages.

Lincoln was not only the greatest American, but stood next to Jesus as the benefactor of the human race. My association with him will save me from oblivion. I am content to share the glory of him fame.

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY

Chicago Tribune
2/12/1900

Clee, Rev. Lester

ncoln's Triumph Over Adversity Is Pictured

The characteristics of Abraham Lincoln which enabled him to preserve the Union in spite of adverse circumstances were discussed by Rev. Lester H. Clee, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, before members of the Newark Lions Club at a luncheon at the Robert Treat Hotel yesterday.

"When the country was divided by a civil war, the worst type of war, Lincoln was able to keep his promise of saving the Union. The country was beset by financial troubles and for a time it looked as though Europe would aid the South, but Lincoln's ability triumphed over his difficulties," Mr. Clee declared.

After Mr. Clee had concluded the club in a body marched to the Court House, where a wreath was placed on the Lincoln statue.

Newark Ev. News 2/3/30

Clemenceau, Georges

"TIGER" LAYS WREATH UPON LINCOLN TOMB

Aid Acts for Small at Ceremonies.

"Cusses Out" Movies

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 30.—Moving picture photographers nearly choked the Tiger within the crypt of the Lincoln monument yesterday, caused him to use strong language in every tongue at his command, and violated all of the ethics of official visits to the sacred spot.

For the first time movie operators—and they were hard boiled—were lined up in a solid semicircle around the sarcophagus within the tomb. When Clemenceau entered to lay the wreath the flares flared and an overpowering billow of smoke rolled toward him. With difficulty he went through with the very brief ceremony within the cavern, which had but the single outlet, the door.

Later the movie operators ranged themselves along the second elevation of the monument while M. Clemenceau was speaking. His back was toward them. He declined to heed their loud demands to "turn around," and it was with difficulty that Clemenceau's speech was heard.

BY E. O. PHILLIPS.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 30.—[Special.]—Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, stood at the tomb of Lincoln today and as a private citizen paid humble and noble tribute to the memory, as he phrased it, "of the greatest American."

Clemenceau was profundly stirred as the moment came when, with deep reverence, he placed a wreath upon the sarcophagus, within the crypt of the monument. He said as much, a bit later, as he spoke to a notable gathering of Illinois men and women, who stood wtih bared heads under leaden skies.

He maintained that Springfield and the Lincoln tomb had been a fixed spot in his American itinerary, that had been determined before his departure from Paris; that always he had been a close student of Lincoln's life and service.

Try to Follow Him.

"We do not try to equal him," the Tiger said, "but to go behind him in the path which he made for us."

And as a fitting climax to his eulogy of America and Americans, Clemenceau directed that a second wreath be placed upon the casket of a Springfield boy—a veteran of the Rainbow division—who had fought through the war and who died last night, Scott Humphrey, son of the late federal judge, J. Otis Humphrey. Clemenceau delegated Lieut. Howard Knotts, commander of the American Legion of Springfield, to perform this duty in his behalf.

"Gladly do I take advantage of this opportunity to honor the memory of an American soldier," the Tiger said with glistening eyes, as he handed the wreath to Lieut. Knotts.

Murphy Represents Small.

Former United States Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman presided over the ceremonies at the tomb. Gov. Small was represented by William A. Murphy of Poliet, director of trade and commerce in the governor's cabinet. Springfield's official spokesman was John A. Barber.

M. Clemenceau spoke from a small platform erected at the south door of the monument. His head was bared and he spoke slowly and plainly and very evidently under pressure of great feeling. His speech was brief.

M. Clemenceau's Address.

"After these very appropriate and moving words which have been spoken here, I hardly dare say more—I could not," he said. "Nobody felt more than the feeling which pressed all human hearts when your president was murdered. I was but a young man, but I remember the great demonstration that was staged in Paris, which manifested the feeling which we people of France had for the now immortal Lincoln, just as all the people of the world who love liberty had for him.

"Today, as I stand at his tomb. I remember his words spoken at Gettysburg: 'We do not consecrate these dead. We ask them to consecrate us.'"

"I honor today your valiant men who died on the fields of France for the same principles, the same inspiration, the same love of liberty for which Lincoln, the great American, laid down his life at the gun shot of the murderer.

"We do not try to equal him, but to go behind him in the path which he made for us. We people in France honor Americans and love America, but we know how to discern among them those who are true, who have courage, and patience, and the qualities which made your Lincoln the man whom the world honored and loved and who has inspired all the world to love liberty.

"And I now come here as a private citizen with no thought of politics, come to his tomb to find a new strength, a new courage, to carry him through the difficulties which follow all public action, and for his help in private life, in the sacrifice we must all make if we are to live up to his ideals of courage and faith, of good for the many.

"I come not as the representative of a country or a political party, but as a man before this man, and with all my heart I am profoundly grateful for the privilege, profoundly stirred by the inspiration of standing at his tomb."

Goes to Lincoln Home.

The Frenchman arrived in Springfield at 3 p. m. and was met at the Illinois Central station by a reception committee of 100 Springfield citizens. The state was officially represented by Adjt. Gen. Black. Senator Sherman was at the head of the citizens' committee.

Through crowded streets the former premier was escorted to the Lincoln home. He was taken through the rooms, was seated in Lincoln's armchair, and was presented with a pen made from the flooring of Lincoln's bedroom, with which he signed the visitors' register. From the home the party proceeded to Oak Ridge cemetery and directly to the monument.

Itinerary of Tiger.

M. Clemenceau's itinerary follows:

Leaving Springfield, Ill., about 4:30, his car goes to Litchfield, parking there for the night; leave Litchfield about 6:30 Friday morning, arriving in St. Louis at 8:38 a. m.; speaks in St. Louis about 2 p. m. Saturday, leaving between 8 p. m. and midnight the same day for Baltimore, stopping five minutes en route at Richmond, Ind., to thank delegation of Society of Friends from Earlham college for the work of the Friends in reconstructing France; arrives in Baltimore about 8:30 Monday morning.

The visit to Annapolis has been stricken from the itinerary and Clemenceau will leave Baltimore Monday afternoon, arriving at Washington at 4 p. m.

War College Address.

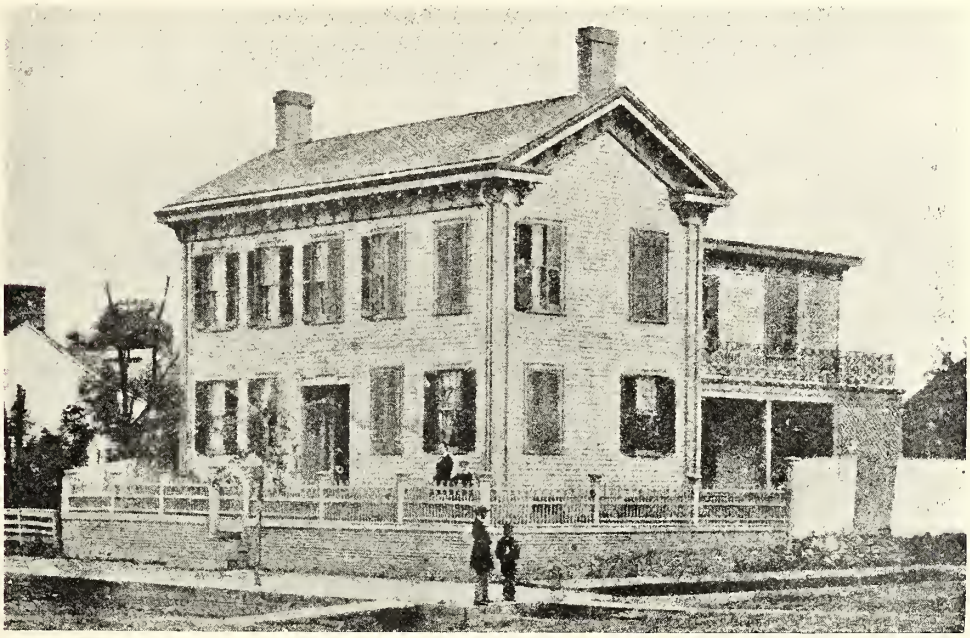
Besides addressing the Chatauqua association in Washington on Dec. 8, the onl yother speaking invitation accepted for the capital is a short talk also on the 8th at the war college before officers who commanded American divisions in France. Clemenceau's only visits definitely scheduled so far are calls on President Harding and Woodrow Wilson.

Leaving Washington the morning of Dec. 9, he will arrive in Philadelphia in the forenoon, deliver an address at the forum that afternoon, and depart for Chicago at 5:30 p. m. the same day. Laying over for Sunday at some point in the picturesque Alleghanies, he will reach Chicago at 9 a. m. ec. 11, address the farmers' convention, and depart at 5:30 p. m. the same date for New York.

Clemenceau, Georges

STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
BULLETIN TO THE SCHOOLS

VOL. 9 ALBANY, FEBRUARY 1-15, 1923 NOS. 9-10



Lincoln's Home in Springfield, Illinois

Abraham Lincoln

Georges Clemenceau's Tribute

Of the many tributes paid to Lincoln by Americans and citizens of other countries, none has been more impressive in its beautiful simplicity than that paid at Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, Ill., on November 30, 1922, by Georges Clémenceau, premier of France during the World War. He said:

"We have come here to tell him that we do not try to equal him but to tell him we try to go behind him on the path he so gloriously opened.

"I want to tell you of the love of my people for not only him but for everyone who stands for the ideals for which he stood. Here I am, a private citizen, speaking no differently than any other, hoping to be not like him, but to be so good as I can. I am an old man, knowing that I have but a short time of life left, but I hope to bring from here new strength, new powers and new feeling that shall carry me through to the end.

"So, gentlemen, let us say no more. We are not here in the interests of a political party nor for political action. We are here like men before one of the greatest men that ever lived, great by thought, great by feeling and great by action. All my heart goes to America and its great men such as this one before whom I incline myself."

Clemenceau, Georges

'TIGER' IN LINCOLN TRIBUTE

"ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED," CLEMENCEAU SAYS.

The French Statesman Lays a Wreath on the Sarcophagus of the Great American at Springfield.

1923

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 30.—Georges Clemenceau bared his head at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln today and paid tribute to him as "one of the greatest men that ever lived."

"After the very appropriate and moving words I have heard, I hardly dare say more," he said. "Don't believe I came here to try to consecrate such a memory." Quoting from Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, he declared that he hoped, in the words of Lincoln, rather to be concerated, that what remained to him of his life might be devoted to the service of mankind.

LINCOLN'S LIFE AS A MODEL.

"I come in souvenir of the valiant men who fell on the fields of France in the same cause for which he was murdered, that we are going to try to go in the path of freedom he opened," Clemenceau continued.

"Here I am, a private citizen. No more than any other who has tried to do his duty, hoping to be not like Lincoln, but to be so near like him as I can.

"Let us say no more. Here before one of the greatest men that ever lived, all my heart goes out to America and the great man she produced."

Before he spoke, bareheaded in the cold mist beneath the leaden skies that overhung Oak Ridge cemetery, the "Tiger" entered the marbled hall beneath the tall, plain Lincoln shaft, and laid a wreath on the sarcophagus beneath which the marytered Lincoln lay.

TRIBUTE TO EX-SOLDIER.

He said no word; stood motionless for a moment; laid the wreath and walked silently out. At the end of his speech, Clemenceau was asked by Ex-Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman, master of ceremonies, to dedicate another wreath as his tribute to a dead soldier of the Rainbow division which went first to France.

"This is my tribute to the American soldier," Clemenceau said, placing his hand on the wreath. Mr. Sherman then announced that it was to be laid on the grave of Otis Scott Humphrey, son of the late federal judge, J. Otis Humphrey, who died last night of pneumonia. Humphrey will be buried tomorrow in Oak Ridge, in the shadow of the Lincoln shaft.

The "Tiger's" train reached Springfield from Chicago at 3 o'clock. Despite the inclement weather a crowd of several thousand persons gathered at the station to greet him—not noisily, but with apparent cordiality.

Greeted by a reception committee, he was driven to Lincoln's old home on Eighth street, where he was shown through the house by Mrs. Mary Edwards Brown, whose grandmother was a sister of Lincoln's wife,

She presented him a pen made from wood from the floor of Lincoln's old home. Then she showed him a photograph of the hotel in which Lincoln and his wife lived for a time after their marriage, explaining that they paid only "$4 a week for room and board for two."

"Have you any like it now?" Clemenceau asked with a smile.

Clyde, J. B.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1925

Half Minute Talks

Rev. J. B. Clyde: There must have been some strain of nobility in the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. As well expect a common field daisy to jump at once to a shasta daisy as to expect such a man as Lincoln to be developed direct from such common stock as his known ancestors.

Atlanta Times

COLEMAN, WALTER

The Lincoln Legend, Then and Now

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. CHAUNCEY W. REED

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, April 17, 1951

Mr. REED of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, on Sunday, April 15, 1951, a group of several hundred citizens gathered at Ford's Theater in our Nation's capital. It was there, on April 14, 1865, that an assassin fired a shot, that, on the following day, ushered into eternity, one of the world's greatest characters. Although 86 years have elapsed since that tragic hour the name of Abraham Lincoln still "belongs to the ages."

The chairman of Sunday's memorial service, sponsored by the National Park Service and the Lincoln Group of the District of Columbia, was our colleague, Hon. GEORGE A. DONDERO, of Royal Oak, Mich. The principal address was delivered by Dr. J. Walter Coleman, superintendent of the Gettysburg National Military Park of Gettysburg, Pa., and is hereto included as an extension of my remarks:

I undertook this little task in the belief that it would be an interesting exercise to compare some of the opinions which people expressed toward Lincoln in his own day and at present. Due allowance must, of course, be made for the familiar American tendency of letting adverse opinion of public figures mellow rapidly with the years. But, while some of this change in attitude toward Lincoln is sentimental, much of it, as I shall illustrate, is carefully considered. Unfavorable criticisms must be viewed against the customs of the times. If the late President Roosevelt, for example, had delivered an oratorical gem like the Gettysburg address, what would have been the comments of his severest editorial critics? I doubt that any of them would have sought an unenviable immortality by calling it disgraceful, but we must bear in mind that a considerable percentage of the comment on any incumbent President is automatically unfavorable. It is also human nature for indignant objectors to a Presidential course of action to be more vocal than the supporters.

We would therefore expect bitter expressions of disapproval during his lifetime and a generally more friendly attitude in later years. But this natural trend does not account for the even heightening interest in the man on not merely a national but a world-wide basis. The Lincoln legend is growing.

The reasons for this growth are not hard to find, but let me present a few personal observations to illustrate that it is a fact. For example, the Lincoln Fellowship of Pennsylvania has members scattered throughout the country. It meets at Gettysburg, always on November 19, and at some other times throughout the year. Mr. John D. Lippy, Jr., who is with us today, proprietor of the Lincoln Room in the Wills House is the president and I am the secretary. Its membership is a cross section of American life. From Philadelphia we have had a woodworking craftsman, an express agent, an AFL organizer, and the president of Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. We have battlefield guides, a grocery store manager, a college president and a high executive in the duPont Co. They belong to the organization because they are interested in attending programs devoted to Lincoln, the man of the people.

I have been at Gettysburg 10 years. My observation has been that people visiting the park and cemetery are about as much interested in Lincoln's address as they are in the battle. This opinion is supported by the guides, our historians, and persons operating the several private museum displays in the town. Dr. Henry Hanson, president of Gettysburg College, told me once of the visit of a famous Japanese educator whom he conducted over the battlefield as his guest. It was a cold rainy day. They finally reached the national cemetery and the visitor left the car and stood, hatless, on the spot where the address had been delivered. "This is the memory," he said, "that I want to take back with me." Dr. Waldo Leland, last Wednesday, related an almost identical experience with the Minister from Norway.

Travelers have told me that they have commonly encountered school children in countries like Denmark and Switzerland who could recite the address perfectly in English. I think there can be no question that Lincoln's stature as a world figure is constantly increasing. Our American stronghold of democracy is, of course, more important in world affairs now than it was nine decades

ago, but much of its importance stems from the fact that we had a Lincoln when we needed him, and that "When the Judgment thunders split the house, he held the ridgpole up and spiked again the rafters of the home." Great scholars are constantly finding in him a subject for study. They tell us how he emerged, how he found a general, how he conducted diplomacy in carpet slippers and how he shared the ordeal of the Union. If we cannot all understand the deeper complexities of that social and political cataclysm of the sixties, we all do know that the man surmounted fantastic difficulties in rising to our highest national honor, and in steering the ship of state through those troubled waters.

Lincoln's background, for an American legend, could hardly be improved upon. His people were English, they came to America before the Revolution. They migrated gardually westward by going down the great valley of Virginia from Pennsylvania, like Daniel Boone. Lincoln was born in a log cabin. His grandfather was killed by the Indians. Thomas Lincoln, his father, was poor but he possessed those skills essential to the frontier which gave his family enough to eat and wear. Abraham's schooling was brief, even for the frontier, but this unlettered man was able, by keen logic and homely aphorism, to hold his own in the courtroom or on the stump, with the smartest people, first in that part of Illinois or later, most anywhere. Abe Lincoln was big and strong in the days when the expression a "good man" had two different meanings, depending on which word received the inflection. He could chop and split rails, he could shoot. His private life was impeccable, but he could tell and enjoy a story as well as the next fellow when he was out with the boys. He didn't mind people taking a drink, although he didn't use the stuff himself. He had sincere Christian convictions which were, however, not formalized into any particular dogma. This Horatio Alger formula for human interest is doubtless a factor in the legend, if it does not affect our objective estimate of his ability. Contemporary critics were not impressed by it.

I have often talked with my father about the Civil War and Lincoln. Born in 1855 in Susquehanna County, Pa., he retained vivid childhood recollections. When I recently visited the little family burial plot a hundred yards from our home, I discovered the reason why memories of the Battle of Gettysburg were a trifle vague. Six of his little cousins were buried that week, victims of typhoid fever. His recovery left him too weak to be much interested in affairs of 1863, but he remembered well his tenth birthday, Monday, April 17, 1865. The mailman, slogging through the spring mud, brought stirring news that day. He first reported that two local Republican youths had been drafted, and a friendly Democrat had escaped the call. He was quite happy. Was there any other news? Oh, yes, Old Abe has been shot and I'm glad of it. The brutality of the statement shocked the little boy, and he often mentioned it. Fifty years later, when I was 10, my father reminded me of the incident. He said, "You know, I've thought about it quite a lot, and as near as I can figure out, Lincoln was about as great a man as Washington." A ground swell for the Lincoln legend.

Grandfather's comments come to me second hand, but on the subject of Lincoln they are definitely pungent. His district was famous, briefly, in the middle forties because of Congressman David Wilmot and his famous provisos, but, by the fifties, as Prof. Avery Craven recalls, Wilmot had already returned to enjoy a well-deserved obscurity in his backward constituency. He had been the lone Pennsylvanian to vote against a protective tariff. The irate Governor of Pennsylvania declared that the only thing that district ever manufactured was shingles and they stole the lumber to make them. He was wrong on two counts. They had plenty of shingle timber, and they also made whisky.

Congressman Wilmot was succeeded by his law partner, and my grandfather's attorney, Galusha A. Grow. Mr. Grow, later to become Speaker of the House, switched from the Democratic to the Republican Party, and grandfather disapproved of him and his famous Homestead Act. He thought that the new party was giving away land to worthless migrants who should have to buy it like his grandfather had done. His widowed sister, married to a Maryland Carroll, killed in the Confederate Army at Buzzard's Roost, had brought back reports about slavery that were somewhat at variance with Uncle Tom's Cabin, and he had a poor opinion generally of President Lincoln.

One of grandfather's youthful friends was an eccentric boy named Locke. His mother was a Ross who lived about a mile away. David Ross Locke had gone out to Ohio and become a newspaper man, writing what my grandfather called nonsense. He was a great favorite of Lincoln and had been entertained at the White House. He wrote under the absurd name of Petroleum Vesuvious Naseby.

But the years were to mellow even the considered opinions of Mr. Darius Coleman. He died thinking that Lincoln's Presidency was maybe the best thing that could have happened, but he always wished that Horace Greeley could have beaten Grant.

Lincoln made men follow him. When Noah Brooks went to hear him at the Cooper Union Institute he was cynical. He saw his awkwardness and heard the uncouth frontier pronunciation. "Old fellow, you won't do," he said. "It's all very well for the Wild West, but this will never go, down in New York." As Brooks recalled it later, "A friend said to me after the meeting, What do you think of Abe Lincoln, the rail-splitter? He's the greatest man since St. Paul, I said, and I think so yet."

In 1894 Woodrow Wilson was a professor of jurisprudence and political science at Wesleyan College. In an article for Forum magazine, entitled "A Calendar of Great Americans," he designated Lincoln as "the supreme American of our history."

Lincoln is a man of so universal appeal that he has become virtually all things to all people. Like the scripture, he is quoted by all shades from reactionary to pink. Conservatives warn us that we must return to the Lincolnian principles of government if our Nation is to remain free, overlooking the dire fact that Lincoln's government was at war from the outset and was forced, as I see it, to employ all kinds of restrictive measures, repugnant to Americans at times of peace. Radicals, on the other hand, assure us that freedom can only be attained by more and more drastic legislation, curbing the evils of capitalistic slave driving, and citing the Emancipation Proclamation and the thirteenth amendment as the beginning. Would Lincoln, if he were to be reincarnated today, be puzzled by these apparent contradictions? No, they existed also in his day. He would recall that the Republicans were denounced in 1856 as Communists and as high tariff economic royalists, alike.

Lincoln is great because he served as a fine leader of a mighty nation in the first war of modern times, in terms of the mechanical age. He had the courage to try to keep that Nation one, choosing the awful alternative of internecin war, rather than to let the dissenting States form their own government. In poker parlance, they might have split the pot, and ended the game peaceably, but this was not to be, and the times have borne out the wisdom of the course of action. The war for the Union was the first fought with weapons of steam (the gunboat and the locomotive), electricity (instantaneous communication by telegraph), and the enormous ramifications of these devices. It was the first great war directed from headquarters at the Nation's Capital. It was the first struggle of major proportions to be adequately reported in the daily papers.

We know that Lincoln's greatness is based on tangible evidence of his vast ability. And yet we love him, we revere his memory for other qualities. About a week before his death, when Lincoln entered Richmond he called at the home of Gen. George Pickett. The general was originally a Virginian who lived in Illinois as a young man and had been appointed to the United States Military Academy from that State. The President knew him quite well. He asked if General Pickett were at home, and he was told that the general was with his command in the Army. The servant offered to take a message, and asked who it was that he should say had called. The President replied, "just tell him that it was an old friend from Illinois." When I recall that expression, I feel that in a very real sense, to me, to all of us, Lincoln is primarily an old friend from Illinois.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax at Bryan Hall on Sunday Afternoon--The Attendance--Plan for A Lincoln Institute--Appointment of Trustees---Resolutions.

Every seat in Bryan Hall, and every inch of standing room, was occupied on Sunday afternoon by the audience who came, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, to hear Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, speak of the virtues and character of the dead President.

The chair was occupied by John V. Farwell, Esq., the President of the Northwestern Branch of the Christian Commission. The services were opened with prayer, by Prof. F. W. Fisk, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, after which Mr. Farwell introduced the eloquent speaker in a few befitting and appropriate remarks. Mr. Colfax was loudly applauded. After requesting the audience to omit all manifestations of applause, Mr. Colfax said:

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX'S ADDRESS.

Over two centuries and a half have passed away since the ruler of any great Nation of the world has fallen by the murderous attack of an assassin; and, for the first time in our history there is blood on the Presidential chair of the Republic. Death is almost always saddening. The passing away of some dear friend from our earthly sight forever, fills the heart with sorrow. When it strikes down one who fills honorably a position of influence and power, as in the case of our two Presidents who died of disease in the White House, the sincerest grief is felt throughout the land. But when this affliction is aggravated by death coming through the hand of a murderer, it is *not* strange that the wave of woe sweeps gloomily over a nation, which sits down to mourn in sackcloth, and feels in every individual heart as if there was one dead at their own hearthstones. It seems, too, as if this wicked deed was intensified, in all its horror, by every attendant circumstance. The fatal shot was fired on the very day when the Nation's flag was again unfurled in triumph over that fort in Charleston harbor, which, in four years' time, had been the cradle and the grave of the rebellion. It was at an hour when the death of the President could not be of the slightest avail to the treasonable conspiracy against the Republic, which its military leaders acknowledged at last was powerless and overthrown. And it was aimed, alas, with too sure a hand, at the life of that one man in the Government whose heart was tendcrest towards the would-be assassins of the Nation's life.

You may search history, ancient and modern, and when the task is ended all will concede that Abraham Lincoln was the most merciful ruler who ever put down a powerful rebellion. He had so won the hearts of the people, and so entwined himself in their regard and affection, that he was the only man living who could have stood in the breach between the leaders of this iniquity and the wrath of the country they had plunged into bloody war. Feeling, as so many did, that his kindly heart almost forgot justice in its throbbings for mercy, yet, knowing his unfaltering devotion to his country, his inflexible adherence to principle, his unyielding determination for the restoration of our national unity, there was a trust in him, almost filial in its loving confidence, that whatever he should finally resolve on would prove in the end to be for the best. Had he been an unforgiving ruler; had his daily practice been to sit in his high place and there administer with unrelenting severity the penalties of offended law; had he proclaimed his resolution to consign all the plotters against his country to the gallows they had earned, we might have understood why the rebel assassins conspired against his life. But no assassination in history—not even that of Henry IV., of France, for which Ravaillac was torn in pieces by horses, nor William of Orange—approximates in utterly unpalitated infamy to this.

In the midst of the national rejoicings over the assured triumph of the national cause, with illuminations and bonfires blazing in every town, and the merry peal of the festive bell in every village, our cities blossoming with flags, our hearts beating high with joy, the two great armies of Grant and Lee fraternizing together after their long warfare, and exulting together over the return of peace, we were brought from the utmost heights of felicity to the deepest valleys of lamentation. No wonder that rebel generals acknowledged that it sent down their cause through all the coming centuries, to shameless dishonor. For, disguise it as some may seek to do, behind the form of the assassin, as his finger pulled the fatal trigger, looms up the dark and fiendish spirit of the rebellion; which, baffled in its work of assassinating the nation's life, avenged itself on the life of him who represented the nation's contest and the nation's victory. As surely as the infamous offer of twenty-five thousand crowns by Philip of Spain to whomsoever would rid the world of the pious William of Orange, the purest and best-loved Ruler of his times, who, by a striking coincidence, was called Father William, as we called our beloved President Father Abraham—as surely as this public offer, with its false denunciations of William's offences, inspirited the murderous

Colfax, Hon. Schuyler

Balthazar to shoot him through the body—so surely are the chiefs of this gigantic rebellion of our times responsible for the fatal bullet that carried death to our Chief Magistrate, and filled the land with unavailing sorrow.

Unrebuked by them, history repeated itself in the following infamous proffer, published in the Selma, Alabama, *Dispatch* of last December, and copied approvingly into other rebel organs:

"ONE MILLION DOLLARS WANTED, TO HAVE PEACE BY THE 1ST OF MARCH.—If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash, or good securities for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Wm. H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a 'land of liberty.' If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of fifty thousand dollars in advance, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and slaughter the three villains.

"I will give, myself, one thousand dollars toward this patriotic purpose.

"Every one wishing to contribute will address Box X, Cahawba, Ala.

"December 1, 1864.

And, to fix upon them the brand, ineffaceably and forever, as the miscreant leaped upon the stage, his shout of Virginia's motto, '*Sic semper tyrannis*.' with his own addition, "The South is avenged." proclaims to the civilized world, which will be filled with horror at the deed, as well as to posterity, which will ever loathe the crime and the cause for whose interests it was committed, the authorship of this unparalelled atrocity. It seems, however, but a natural sequel to the infamous plot to murder him as he passed through Baltimore when first elected; to the brutalities on our dead soldiers at Bull Run, burying them face downwards, and carving up their bones into trinkets: to the piracies on the high seas, and attempts to burn women and children to death in crowded hotels and theatres; to Fort Pillow massacres, and to the systematic and inexpiable starvation of thousands of Union prisoners in their horrid pens.

I can scarcely trust myself to attempt the portraiture of our martyred chief, whose death is mourned as never man's was mourned before: and who, in all the ages that may be left to America, while time shall last, will be enshrined in solemn memory with the Father of the Republic which he saved. How much I loved him personally, I cannot express to you. Honored always by his confidence; treated ever by him with affectionate regard; sitting often with him familiarly at his table; his last visitor on that terrible night; receiving his last message, full of interest to the toiling miners of the distant West; walking by his side from his parlor to the door, as he took his last steps in that Executive Mansion he had honored; receiving the last grasp of that generous and loving hand, and his last good bye; declining his last kind invitation to join him in those hours of relaxation which incessant care and anxiety seemed to render so desirable, my mind has since been tortured with regrets that I had not accompanied him. If the knife which the assassin had intended for Grant had not been wasted, as it possibly would not have been, on one of so much less importance in our national affairs, perchance a sudden backward look at that eventful instant might have saved that life, so incalculably precious to wife and children and country; or, failing in that, might have hindered or prevented the escape of his murderer. The willingness of any man to endanger his life for another's is so much doubted that I scarcely dare to say how willingly I would have risked my own to preserve his, of such priceless value to us all. But if you can realize that it is sweet to die for one's country, as so many scores of thousands, from every State and county and hamlet, have proven in the years that are past, you can imagine the consolation there would be to any one, even in his expiring hours, to feel that he had saved the land from the funereal gloom which, but a few days ago, settled down upon it from ocean to ocean and from capitol to cabin, at the loss of one for whom even a hecatomb of victims could not atone.

Of this noble-hearted man, so full of genial impulses, so self-forgetful, so utterly unselfish, so pure and gentle and good, who lived for us and at last died for us, I feel how inadequate I am to portray his manifold excellencies—his intellectual worth—his generous character—his fervid patriotism. Pope celebrated the memory of Robert Harley, the Lord of Oxford, a privy counsellor of Queen Anne, who himself narrowly escaped assassination, in lines that seem prophetic of Mr. Lincoln's virtues:

"A soul supreme in each hard instance tried;
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

No one could ever convince the President that he was in danger of violent death. Judging others by himself he could not realize that any one could seek his blood. Or he may have believed, as Napoleon wrote to Jerome, that no public man could effectually shield himself from the danger of assassination. Easier of access to the public at large than had been any of his predecessors; admitting his bitterest enemies to his reception room alone, restive under the cavalry escort which Secretary Stanton insisted should accompany him last summer in his daily journeys between the White House and his summer residence, at the Soldier's Home, several miles from Washington, at a time, too, as since ascertained in the details of this long organized plot discovered since his death, when it was intended to gag and handcuff him and to carry him to the rebel capitol as a hostage for their recognition: sometimes escaping from their escort by anticipating their unusual hour of attendance; walking about the grounds unattended; he could not be persuaded that he run any risk whatever. Being at City Point after the evacuation of Richmond, he determined to go thither, not from idle curiosity, but to see if he could not do something to stop the effusion of blood and hasten the Peace for which he longed. The fever watchful Secretary of War hearing of it implored him by telegraph not to go, and warned him that some lurking assassin might take his life. But, armed with his good intentions,—alas, how feeble a shield they proved against the death blow afterwards—he went, walked fearlessly and carelessly through the streets—met and conferred with a rebel leader who had remained there; and when he returned to City Point telegraphed to his faithful friend and constitutional adviser, who till then had feared, as we all did at that time, for his life—"I received your dispatch last night, went to Richmond this morning and have just returned. ABRAHAM LINCOLN." When I told him, on that last night, how uneasy all had been at his going, he replied, pleasantly and with a smile, (I quote his exact words): "Why, if any one else had been President and gone to Richmond, I would have been alarmed too; but I was not scared about myself a bit." If any of you have ever been at Washington, you will remember the foot-path lined and embowered with trees leading from the back door of the War Department to the White House. One night, and but recently too, when, in his anxiety for news from the army, he had been with the Secretary in the telegraph office of the department, he was about starting home at a late hour by this short route. Mr. Stanton stopped him and said, "You ought not to go that way; it is dangerous for you even in the daytime, but worse at night." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I don't believe there's *any* danger there, day or night." Mr. Stanton responded solemnly, "Well, Mr. President, you shall not be killed returning that dark way from my department while I am in it; you *must* let me take you round by the avenue in my carriage." And Mr. Lincoln, joking the Secretary on his imperious military orders and his needless alarm on his account, as he called it, entered his carriage and was driven by the well-lighted avenue to the White House.

And thus he walked through unseen dangers, without "the dread of death;" his warm heart so full of good will, even to his enemies, that he could not imagine there was any one base enough to slay him; and the death-dealing bullet was sped to its mark in a Theatre, where, but little over an hour before, he had been welcomed as he entered, by a crowded audience rising, and with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, honoring him with an ovation of which any one might well be proud. Some regret that he was there at all. But, to all human appearance, he was safer there, by far, than in his own reception room, where unknown visitors so often entered alone. He found there a temporary respite occasionally, from the crowds who thronged his ante rooms—relaxation from the cares and perplexities which so constantly oppressed him, keeping his mind under the severest tension, like the bent bow, till it almost lost its spring—and, on this fatal night, to be so black an one hereafter in our calendar, going with reluctance, and, as he expressed it to Mr. Ashman and myself, only because Gen. Grant, who had been advertised with himself, to be present, had been compelled to leave the city, and he did not wish to disappoint those who would expect to see him there.

Of the many thousands of persons I have met in public or private life, I cannot call to mind a single one who exceeded him in calmness of temper, in kindness of disposition, and in overflowing generosity of impulse. I doubt if his most intimate associate ever heard him utter bitter or vindictive language. He seemed wholly free from malignity or revenge; from ill will or injustice. Attacked ever so sharply, you all remember that he never answered railing with railing. Criticised ever so unjustly, he would reply with no word of reproof, but patiently and uncomplainingly, if he answered at all, strive to prove that he stood on the rock of right. When, from the halls of Congress or elsewhere, his most earnest opponents visited the White House with business, they would be met as frankly, listened to as intently, and treated as justly as his most earnest friends. It could be said of him as Pyrrhus said of Fabricius when the latter, though in hostile array, exposed to his enemy the treachery of his physician, who proffered to poison him: "It is easier to turn the sun from his career than Fabricius from his honesty." Men of all parties will remember, when the exciting contest of last fall ended in his triumphant re-election, his first word thereafter, from the portico of the White House, was that he could not and would not exult over his countrymen who had differed with his policy.

And thus he ruled, and thus he lived, and thus he died. The wretch who stood behind him and sent his bullet crashing through that brain, which had been devising plans of reconciliation with the country's deadly foes, as he leaped upon the stage and exulted over the death of him whom he denounced as a tyrant, uttered as foul a falsehood as the lying witnesses who caused the conviction and the crucifixion of the Son of Man, on the same Good Friday, nearly two thousand years ago. I would not compare the human with the Divine, except in that immeasurable contrast of the finite with the infinite. But his whole life proves to me that if he could have had a single moment of consciousness and of speech, his great heart would have prompted him to pray for those who had plotted for his blood, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Colfax, Hon. Schuyler

Chicago Tribune 5/1/1865

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax at Bryan Hall on Sunday Afternoon--The Attendance--Plan for A Lincoln Institute--Appointment of Trustees---Resolutions.

Every seat in Bryan Hall, and every inch of standing room, was occupied on Sunday afternoon by the audience who came, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, to hear Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, speak of the virtues and character of the dead President.

The chair was occupied by John V. Farwell, Esq., the President of the Northwestern Branch of the Christian Commission. The services were opened with prayer, by Prof. F. W. Fisk, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, after which Mr. Farwell introduced the eloquent speaker in a few befitting and appropriate remarks. Mr. Colfax was loudly applauded. After requesting the audience to omit all manifestations of applause, Mr. Colfax said:

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX'S ADDRESS.

Over two centuries and a half have passed away since the ruler of any great Nation of the world has fallen by the murderous attack of an assassin; and, for the first time in our history there is blood on the Presidential chair of the Republic. Death is almost always saddening. The passing away of some dear friend from our earthly sight forever, fills the heart with sorrow. When it strikes down one who fills honorably a position of influence and power, as in the case of our two Presidents who died of disease in the White House, the sincerest grief is felt throughout the land. But when this affliction is aggravated by death coming through the hand of a murderer, it is *not* strange that the wave of woe sweeps gloomily over a nation, which sits down to mourn in sackcloth, and feels in every individual heart as if there was one dead at their own hearthstones. It seems, too, as if this wicked deed was intensified, in all its horror, by every attendant circumstance. The fatal shot was fired on the very day when the Nation's flag was again unfurled in triumph over that fort in Charleston harbor, which, in four years' time, had been the cradle and the grave of the rebellion. It was at an hour when the death of the President could not be of the slightest avail to the treasonable conspiracy against the Republic, which its military leaders acknowledged at last was powerless and overthrown. And it was aimed, alas, with too sure a hand, at the life of that one man in the Government whose heart was tendrest towards the would-be assassins of the Nation's life.

You may search history, ancient and modern, and when the task is ended all will concede that Abraham Lincoln was the most merciful ruler who ever put down a powerful rebellion. He had so won the hearts of the people, and so entwined himself in their regard and affection, that he was the only man living who could have stood in the breach between the leaders of this iniquity and the wrath of the country they had plunged into bloody war. Feeling, as so many did, that his kindly heart almost forgot justice in its throbbings for mercy, yet, knowing his unfaltering devotion to his country, his inflexible adherence to principle, his unyielding determination for the restoration of our national unity, there was a trust in him, almost filial in its loving confidence, that whatever he should finally resove on would prove in the end to be for the best. Had he been an unforgiving ruler; had his daily practice been to sit in his high place and there administer with unrelenting severity the penalties of offended law; had he proclaimed his resolution to consign all the plotters against his country to the gallows they had earned, we might have understood why the rebel assassins conspired against his life. But no assassination in history—not even that of Henry IV., of France, for which Ravaillac was torn in pieces by horses, nor William of Orange—approximates in utterly unpalliated infamy to this.

In the midst of the national rejoicings over the assured triumph of the national cause, with illuminations and bonfires blazing in every town, and the merry peal of the festive bell in every village, our cities blossoming with flags, our hearts beating high with joy, the two great armies of Grant and Lee fraternizing together after their long warfare, and exulting together over the return of peace, we were brought from the utmost heights of felicity to the deepest vallies of lamentation. No wonder that rebel generals acknowledged that it sent down their cause through all the coming centuries, to shameless dishonor. For, disguise it as some may seek to do, behind the form of the assassin, as his finger pulled the fatal trigger, looms up the dark and fiendish spirit of the rebellion; which, baffled in its work of assassinating the nation's life, avenged itself on the life of him who represented the nation's contest and the nation's victory. As surely as the infamous offer of twenty-five thousand crowns by Philip of Spain to whomsoever would rid the world of the pious William of Orange, the purest and best-loved Ruler of his times, who, by a striking coincidence, was called Father William, as we called our beloved President Father Abraham—as surely as this public offer, with its false denunciations of William's offences, inspirited the murderous Balthazar to shoot him through the body—so surely are the chiefs of this gigantic rebellion of our times responsible for the fatal bullet that carried death to our Chief Magistrate, and filled the land with unavailing sorrow.

Unrebuked by them, history repeated itself in the following infamous proffer, published in the Selma, Alabama, *Dispatch* of last December, and copied approvingly into other rebel organs:

"ONE MILLION DOLLARS WANTED, TO HAVE PEACE BY THE 1ST OF MARCH.—If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash, or good securities for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Wm. H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a 'land of liberty.' If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of fifty thousand dollars in advance, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and slaughter the three villains.

"I will give, myself, one thousand dollars toward this patriotic purpose.

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He bore the nation's perils, and trials and sorrows ever on his mind. You knew him, in a large degree, by the illustrative stories, of which his memory and his tongue were so prolific, using them to point a moral, or to soften discontent at his occisions; but this was the mere badinage which relieved him for the moment from the heavy weight of public duties and responsibilities under which he often wearied. Those whom he admitted to his confidence, and with whom he conversed of his feelings, knew that his inner life was checkered with the deepest anxiety and most discomforting solicitude. Elated by victories for the cause which was ever in his thoughts, reverses to our arms cast a pall of depression over him. One morning, over two years ago, calling upon him on business, I found him looking more than usually pale and careworn, and inquired the reason. He replied, with the bad news he had received at a late hour the previous night, which had not yet been communicated to the press, adding that he had not closed his eyes or breakfasted; and, with an expression I shall never forget, he exclaimed, "How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac."

He was as free from deceit as from guile. He had one peculiarity which often misled those with whom he conversed. When his judgment, which acted slowly, but which was almost as immovable as the eternal hills when settled, was grasping some subject of importance, the arguments against his own desires seemed uppermost in his mind, and in conversing upon it he would present these arguments to see if they could be rebutted. He thus often surprised both friend and foe in his final decisions. Always willing to listen to all sides till the latest possible moment; yet, when he put down his foot, he never took a backward step. Once speaking of an eminent statesman he said: "When a question confronts him, he always and naturally argues it from the stand point of which is the better policy; but with me," he added, "my only desire is to see what is right." And this is the key to his life. His parents left Kentucky for Indiana in his childhood on account of slavery in the former State; and he thus inherited a dislike for that institution. As he said recently to Gov. Bramlette, of his native State, "if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." Moving to Illinois, he found the prejudice there against anti-slavery men, when he entered on public and professional life, more intense than in any other free State in the Union. But he never dissembled, never concealed his opinions. Entering, in 1858, on that contest with his great political rival but personal friend, Judge Douglas, which attracted the attention of the whole Union, he startled many of his friends by the declaration of his convictions that the Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free—that ultimately it would be either the one or the other, or be a divided house that could not stand—that he did not expect the Union to be dissolved or the house to fall, but that it would cease to be divided—and that the hope of the Republic was in staying the spread of slavery that the public mind might rest in the hope of its ultimate extinction. And, though he coupled this with declarations against Congressional interference with it in existing States, it was not popular, and kept him in the whole canvass upon the defensive. But to every argument against it his calm reply was, in substance, "such is my clear conviction, and I cannot unsay it."

His frankness in expressing unpopular opinions was manifested also, when in Southern Illinois, before an audience almost unanimously hostile to the sentiment, he declared, in the same close and doubtful contest, that, when the Declaration of Independence proclaimed that all men were created free and equal, it did not mean white men alone, but negroes as well; and that their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were as inalienable as the noblest of the land. He claimed no power over State laws in other States which conflicted with these rights, or curtailed them; but with unfaltering devotion to his conscientious conviction, and regardless of its effects on his political prospects, he never wavered in his adherence to this truth. And yet, when elected President of the United States, he executed the Fugitive Slave Law, because his oath of office as the Executive, in his opinion, required it. When urged to strike at slavery under the war power, he replied in a widely published letter, "My paramount object is to save the Union, and I would save it in the shortest way. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. But I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free." And, when at last the hour arrived, when in his honest opinion, the alternative between the death of slavery and the death of the Union confronted him; then, and not till then, he struck at the cause of all our woes with the battle axe of the Union. Signing that immortal proclamation, which made him the Liberator of America, on the afternoon of January 1st, 1863, after hours of New Year's hand-shaking, he said to me and other friends that night: "The signature looks a little tremulous, for my hand was tired, but my resolution was firm. I told them in September, if they did not return to their allegiance and cease murdering our soldiers, I would strike at this pillar of their strength. And now the promise shall be kept; and not one word of it will I ever recall." And the promise was kept, and every word of it has stood. Thank God, when slavery and treason benumbed that hand in death, they could not destroy that noble instrument to which that hand had given a life that shall never die. A great writer said that, when Wilberforce stood at the bar of God, he held in his hands the broken shackles which on earth had bound hundreds of thousands of his fellow men. But, when hailed treason hurried Abraham Lincoln into the presence of his Maker, he bore with him the manacles of four millions whom he had made free—fetters that no power on God's footstool is strong enough to place again on their enfranchised limbs.

No man, in our era, clothed with such vast power, has ever used it so mercifully. No ruler, holding the keys of life and death, ever pardoned so many and so easily. When friends said to him they wished he had more of Jackson's sternness, he would say, "I am just as God made me, and cannot change." It may not be generally known that his doorkeepers had standing orders from him that no matter how great might be the throng, if other Senators and Representatives had to wait, or to be turned away without an audience, he must see before the day closed every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life. One night in February I left all other business to ask him to respite the son of a constituent, who was sentenced to be shot, at Davenport, for desertion. He heard the story with his usual patience, though he was wearied out with incessant calls, and anxious for rest, and then replied: "Some of our Generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army, by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a day's hard work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends." And with a happy smile beaming over that care-furrowed face, he signed that name that saved that life.

But Abraham Lincoln was not only a good and a just and a generous and a humane man. I could not be just to that well-rounded character of his without adding that he was also a praying man. He has often said that his reliance in the gloomiest hours was on his God, to whom he appealed in prayer, although he had never become a professor of religion. To a clergyman who asked him if he loved his Savior, he replied, and he was too truthful for us to doubt the declaration:

"When I was first inaugurated I did not love Him; when God took my son I was greatly impressed, but still I did not love him; but when I stood upon the battle-field of Gettysburg I gave my heart to Christ, and I can now say I do love the Savior."

The Bible was always in his reception-room. I have doubted the report that he read an hour in it every day, for he often came direct from his bed to his reception-room, so anxious was he to accommodate members who had important business, and it would sometimes be two or three hours before he would playfully say to some friend whose turn had come, "Won't you stay here till I get some breakfast?" But he must have read the Bible considerably, for he often quoted it. One day that I happened to come in he said, "Mr. — has just been here attacking one of my Cabinet, but I stopped him with this text," and he read from the Proverbs a text I had never heard quoted before, as follows: "Accuse not a servant to his master."

You cannot fail to have noticed the solemn and sometimes almost mournful strain that pervades many of his addresses. When he left Springfield in 1861 to assume the Presidency, his farewell words were as follows:

"My Friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. *I know not how soon I shall see you again.* A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which, success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Before that murderous blow closed his eyes in death, that "success" for which he had struggled was assured—that "duty" devolved upon him had been performed. But the friends to whom, with the sadness he felt at parting," he bade this "affectionate farewell," can only look at the lifeless corpse, now slowly borne to their midst.

When, in the same month, he raised the national flag over Independence Hall, at Philadelphia, he said to the assembled tens of thousands: "It was something in the Declaration of Independence giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all coming time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance. * * * Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, *I was about to say that I would rather be assassinated upon the spot than to surrender it.* I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

He seemed, as he thus spoke, to have the dark shadow of his violent death before him. But even in its presence he declared that he would rather be assassinated than to surrender a principle; and that while he was willing to live by it, yet, if it was God's pleasure, he was equally willing to die by it. He was assassinated, but his name and principles will live while history exists and the Republic endures.

So, too, in the conclusion of his first inaugural, he appealed in the language of entreaty and peace to those who had raised their mailed hands against the life of their father-land:

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most 'solemn one' to preserve, protect and defend it. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In the funeral exercises in the East Room, on the 19th of April, the very anniversary of the day when the blood of murdered Massachusetts soldiers stained the stones of the city of Baltimore, Dr. Gurley quoted the President's solemn reply to a company of clergymen who called on him in one of the darkest hours of the war, when, standing where his lifeless remains then rested, he replied to them in tones of deep emotion:

"Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justness and goodness of God. And when events are very threatening and prospects very dark, I still hope in some way, which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just and God is on our side."

You cannot have forgotten this impressive invocation with which he closed his Proclamation of Emancipation:

"And, upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution on military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The solemn words of his last inaugural sound in my ears to-day as I heard them fall from his lips on the steps of the Capitol. There was no exultation over his own success, though he was the first Northern President who had ever been re-elected. The was no bitterness against the men who had filled our land with new made graves, and who were striving to stab the nation to its death. There was no confident and enthusiastic prediction of the country's triumph. But, with almost the solemn utterances of one of the Hebrew Prophets; as if he felt he was standing, as he was, on the verge of his open grave, and addressing his last official words to his countrymen, with his lips touched by the finger of Inspiration, he said:

"The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that that mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

What a portraiture of his own character he unconsciously draws in this closing paragraph. "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right." *And yet, they slew him.*

Bear with me further while I quote one letter, when, in the midst of the exciting canvass of last fall, in which he was so deeply interested, during the very week that he was being denounced in this city as scarcely any man had ever been denounced before, he shut out the thoughts of these cruelly unjust aspersions to write in this deeply impressive strain to a Philadelphia lady, then resident in England:

"Executive Mansion,
Washington, Sept. 6, 1864."

Eliza B. Gurney: My Esteemed Friend:

I have never forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion, when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago, nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten.

In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to perceive them in advance.

We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall acknowledge His wisdom and our own errors therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end He ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could stay. Your people—the Friends—have had and are having very great trial on principles and faith. *Opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose op-*

pression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appea ing to me on conscientions grounds, I have done, and shall do the best I can in my own conscience, and my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and believing it, I shall still receive, for our country and myself, your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend, A. LINCOLN."

Nor should I forget to mention here that the last act of Congress ever signed by him, was one requiring that the motto, in which he sincerely believed, "In God we trust," should hereafter be inscribed upon all our national coin. But April came at last, with all its glorious resurrection of spring—that spring which he was not to see ripening into summer. The last sands in the hourglass of his life were falling. His last moment drew nigh, for his banded assassins, foiled in an attempt to poison him last year, (a plot only discovered since detectives have been tracking the mysteries of his death) had resolved this time on striking a surer blow. Victory after victory crowned our national armies. An hundred captured rebel banners filled the war department. Scores of thousands of rebel soldiers had surrendered, and, all over the republic, the joyous acclaim of millions hailed the promised land of Peace. But our beloved leader was to enter another land of rest. Thank Heaven, though wicked men may kill the body, they cannot kill the immortal soul. And, if the spirits of the good men who have left us are permitted to look back on the land they loved in life, it is not presumptious to believe that Washington and Lincoln, from the shining courts above, look down to-day with paternal interest on the nation, which, under Providence, the one had founded and the other saved, and which will entwine their names together in hallowed recollection forever.

But, in his last hours, all the e affectionate traits of character which I have so inadequately delineated, shone out in more than wonted brilliancy. How his kindly heart must have throbbed with joy, as on the very day before his death, he gladdened so many tens of thousands of anxious minds by ordering the abandonment of the impending, but now not needed draft. With what generous magnanimity he authorized our heroic Lieutenant General to proffer terms unparalleled in their liberality, to the Army of Virginia, so long the bulwark of rebellion. And the very last official act of his life was, when learning by telegraph that very Friday afternoon, that two of the leaders and concoctors of the rebellion were expected to arrive disguised, in a few hours, at one of our ports, to escape to Europe, he instructed our officers not to arrest them, but let them flee the country. He did not wish their blood, but their associates thirsted for his, and in a few short hours after this message of mercy to save their friends from death sped on the wings of lightning, with wicked hands they slew him. No last words of affection to weeping wife and children did they allow him. No moment's space for prayer to God. But in order that consciousness might end with the instant, the pistol was held close to the skull, that the bullet might be buried in his brain. Thus lived and thus died our murdered President. But, as the ruffian shot down the pilot at our helm, just as the Ship of State, after all its stormy seas, was sailing prosperously into port; another, whose life, like that of Seward and Stanton, had been marked for that very night of horrors, but who had been saved, sprang to the rudder, and the noble ship holds on her course, without a flutter in her canvass or a strain upon her keel. Audrew Johnson, to whom the public confidence was so quickly and worthily transferred, is cast in a sterner mould than him whose place he fills. He has warred on traitors in his mountain home as they have warred on him; and he insists, with this crowning infamy filling up their cup of wickedness, that treason should be made odious, and that mercy to the leaders who engendered it is cruelty to the nation.

The text of Holy Writ, which he believes in for them, is in the 26th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, "Let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether it be unto death, or to banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment;" and to this do not all loyal hearts respond AMEN.

And true, though the President is slain, the nation lives. The statesman, who has so successfully conducted our foreign correspondence, as to save us from threatened and endangering complications and difficulties abroad, and who, with the President, leaned ever to mercy's side, so brutally bowie knifed as he lay helpless on his bed of anguish, is happily to be spared us; and the conspiracy which intended a bloody harvest of six patriots' lives, reaped, with its murderous sickle, but one.

But that one—how dear to all our hearts—how priceless in its worth, how transparent and spotless its purity of character. In the fiery trial to which the nation has been subjected, we have given of the bravest and the best of the land. The South is billowed with the graves where sleep the patriot martyrs of constitutional liberty till the resurrection morn. The vacant chair at the table of thousands upon thousands tells of those who, inspired by the sublimest spirit of self-sacrifice, have died that the Republic might survive. Golden and living treasures have been heaped up, upon our country's altar. But, after all these costly sacrifices had been offered, and the end seemed almost at hand, a costlier sacrifice had to be made; and from the highest place in all the land the victim came. Slaughtered at the moment of victory, the blow was too late to rob him of the grand place he has won for himself in history.

We know him *now*. All narrow jealousies
Are silent. And we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all compassionate, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits and how tenderly.
Whose glory was redressing human wrongs;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
Of pleasure. But, through all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

Murdered, confined, buried, he will live with those few immortal names who were not born to die; *live*, as the Father of the Faithful in the times that tried men's souls; *live* in the grateful hearts of the dark-browed race he lifted from under the heel of the oppressor to the dignity of freedom and of manhood; *live* in every bereaved circle which has given father, husband, son or friend to die, as he did, for his country; *live*, with the glorious company of martyrs to liberty, justice and humanity, that trio of Heaven-born principles; *live*, in the love of all beneath the circuit of the sun, who loathe tyranny, slavery and wrong. And, leaving behind him a record that shows how honesty and principle lifted him, self-made as he was, from the humblest ranks of the people to the noblest station on the globe, and a name that shall brighten under the eye of posterity as the ages roll by,

"From the top of Fame's ladder he stepped to the sky."

Notwithstanding the request of the speaker that the audience would not applaud, it was impossible to restrain them, and Mr. Colfax was repeatedly interrupted.

THE LINCOLN INSTITUTE.

Hon. J. Y. Scammon was introduced and submitted the following plan for a monument Abraham Lincoln in Chicago:

Abraham Lincoln, our martyred President, having been first presented to the American people as a candidate for the Presidency in this city, and he having intended to make it his future home when he should retire from office at the end of his second term; and it being the place prepared by Mrs. Lincoln and their son, Captain Robert Lincoln, as their future residence, it seems fit and appropriate that there should be erected in this city a monument to his memory, which should in its character be emblematical and representative of the man and of the great use rendered by his administration to the country.

In considering what kind of a monument would most worthily represent him, and at the same time reflect the greatest good to the community, it has been thought that nothing would be more appropriate than the erection this city of an edifice to be called THE LINC INSTITUTE, which should in some of its featu resemble the Cooper Union and Bible House in New York city, and which should contain, like the Cooper building, a hall or public room sufficiently capacious to accomodate national conventions and the largest assemblages which can be addressed by one human voice, and an *Emancipation Hall* in which should be placed a statue of the late President, and other statues and portraits of patriots who have distinguished themselves in this great battle for Freedom and the Union, and trophies and relics commemorative of the prowess of our arms and of the great and signal triumph vouchsafed to our country and its free institutions b the Divine Providence.

Provision should also be made in it for the a commodation of the Young Men's Associati Young Men's Christian Association, the Bible ciety, Art Gallery, a School of Art and Desig Free Library, and other associations of a p and benevolent character.

Such an institution would by its usefulness, convenience and attractiveness become a common center of resort; and while by the grandeur of its proportions and architectural beauties of its design, it would challenge the admiration of the eye by its elevating and ennobling character, and its accessibility to all would be a fit representative of the Patriot Martyr, and awaken and perpetuate the noblest sentiments in the human heart. This proposition is not made without considering th magnitude of the undertaking; but regarding Chicago as a great central city of the Union, it is believed that its accomplishment is not beyond our reach.

It is proposed to create a Board of Trustees to consist of twenty-one persons, who shall hold and manage the property, and whose term of office shall be similar to that of the Board of Trustees of the Chicago Academy of Science, and that the funds shall be raised by subscriptions to the capital stock of the "Lincoln Institute." A very considerable income would be derived from the rents of the building, while the public accommodations would be provided for in such manner as should be satisfactory to the community.

RESOLUTION.

Hon. Wm. Bross then moved the adoption of the following, which motion was unanimously carri

p hat this meeting approve of the
th s been presented, to establish in
be icago a *Monumental Institution* to
fo e LINCOLN INSTITUTE, and that the
a co med gentlemen be requested to act as
into , with full power to carry the same
Boa and that said committee constitute the
with ustees of such institution *ad interim*,
to select and name the other Trustees, and to fill any vacancies which may occur in their number, viz.: George M. Kimbark, H. M. Shepard, Henry W. Fuller, John V. Farwell, Thomas B. Bryan, J. Young Scammon, Chauncey T. Bowen, Wm. E. Doggett, T. W. Baxter, Ezra B. McCagg, T. M. Avery, Gilbert Hubbard, Samuel Hoard and John L. Hancock.

C. C. McCabe then sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the entire audience joining in the chorus. Its effect was electrical. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. W. Patterson, D. D., and the audience dismissed.

He bore the nation's perils and trials and sor-